KINGSLEY MARTIN on FATHER HUDDLESTON

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The Apotheosis of M. Moch

It seems to be an axiom of history that disarmament is impossible so long as victory in war is possible. A victorious war has now ceased to be possible. Is, therefore, the reverse of the theorem true? Logically, yes; but discussions on disarmament move in strange worlds of reason. National positions are governed by psychological attitudes which are themselves dependent on military factors; and since such factors vary from country to country, the discussions are conducted along different lines of reasoning -- indeed, within different systems of logic. The resulting deadlock cannot be broken until the purely military factors become approximately uniform.

This basic pre-condition is now fulfilled. We have reached the third stage of the great disarmament debate. During the first -- the era of the American Pax Atomica, 1945-9 -- the West had an absolute superiority in nuclear weapons, the Russians a relative, but decisive, superiority in conventional arms. Their objectives in discussing disarmament were thus mutually antagonistic. During the second phase, which followed the explosion of the first Russian atomic bomb, the deadlock remained. The West, with a marked, but shrinking, inferiority in conventional weapons, and a marked, but shrinking, superiority in nuclear weapons, wanted a reduction of conventional weapons to absolute levels and, through a control system, a cessation of the production of nuclear weapons -- which would have left the U.S. with her relative superiority in this field. The Russians, conversely, strove for a relative reduction in conventional weapons and an absolute reduction in nuclear weapons. The aims were still mutually antagonistic.

In August 1953, however, the Russians exploded their first H-bomb -- only ten months behind the Americans. Moreover, it was a lithium-6 deuteride bomb, considerably cheaper and easier to make than the American tritium-deuteride bomb. It was six months before the Americans perfected a similar type. By the end of 1954 the Russians may conceivably have possessed a stockpile of H-bombs as large as that of the U.S.: it is certain at least that by this date both had a sufficient quantity to rule out the possibility of a victorious war. This meant that the U.S. stockpile lost its strategic value, and its destruction ceased to be the primary object of Soviet disarmament policy. It also meant that the maintainence of Soviet superiority in conventional weapons ceased to be of paramount importance to her leaders. In November 1954, Mr. Molotov hinted that the Anglo-French plan, which envisaged an absolute reduction of conventional forces followed by nuclear control, might be acceptable. And in May 1955, the Russians put forward proposals which embodied all the principles of the Anglo-French plan.

The Geneva "summit" meeting should thus have clinched the matter. Why did it fail? Partly because the military advisers -- on both sides -- were obdurate. More importantly, because the Russian proposals were ill-timed; they should have been delivered either a few months before, or a few months after, the conference. As it was, they coincided with three independently conceived partial plans put forward by the West: the Eisenhower ("open skies") plan, the Pinay (financial control) plan, and the Eden (demilitarised zone) plan. Each was well-intentioned; But each was a *pis aller*. Thus, at the very moment when the Russian proposals made advance possible down the main stream of disarmament, the West was diverting discussions into a maze of tributaries. The basic preconditions were there; but progress was barred by the psychological reflexes of the cold war. The West at Geneva was inspired not so much by altruistic motives as by the desire to win a propaganda battle which events had already rendered anachronistic. Progress in disarmament became bogged down in what might be called the public relations side of international diplomacy.

But since last summer, the world has changed. The Russian leaders are now far more confident in their new policy of economic competition. Having decided that the spearhead of their diplomacy will be the export of capital goods to the world's underdeveloped (and uncommitted) nations, they are increasingly aware that disarmament will be of far greater economic benefit to them than to the West. We, too, are revising our ideas. There is a growing reluctance among the smaller western nations to bankrupt themselves in order to provide a defence system which they now know can never be effective and which every month moves further away from military realities. Britain and France, in short, now have increasingly strong economic motives for reaching a settlement.

This is the background to the talks on disarmament which began on Monday. There is, however, an important personal element: the character of Jules Moch, the French delegate. Through the long, weary years of argument, M. Moch has always retained a belief that agreement was possible. His proposals became, in 1952, the basis of the joint Anglo-French plan, whose principles the Russians accepted last May. His insistence was responsible for the decision of the French government to make disarmament an overriding consideration in international policy, even at the cost of calling in question the once-sacred principles of Atlantic unity. When this became clear last month, the British government was faced with a difficult decision: to follow the American line, and refuse to resurrect the Anglo-French plan - thus risking a Franco-Russian *rapprochement* - or to follow the Moch line, and risk an open rupture with America. They chose the latter, and the new Anglo-French position was confirmed when M. Mollet saw Sir Anthony Eden this month. M. Moch has thus succeeded in forcing the discussion back into its logical channels. It remains to be seen whether the rigid nihilism of Mr. Stassen can once more divert it into the cold war shallows.

Paris

Trouble in the C.P.

Our Paris Correspondent writes: For some time, attentive readers of the French Communist press have noticed that the French C.P. is taking its time about adopting the new post-Stalin line. Of course, "L'Humanité" has not gone so far as to criticise any decisions from Moscow or start an argument with "Pravda". But it has, systematically, played down, or even suppressed, some of the new "Leninist" attitudes. Whilst in Moscow, Warsaw, Prague and Budapest, public discussions, during the last few months, have centred round such phrases as "collective decisions", the "cult of personality" and "learning from western science and techniques", the Carrefour du Chateaudun, headquarters of the French C.P., has remained firmly in the old Stalinist tradition. This policy of passive resistance has even, on occasions, veered towards the active. When Krushchev and Bulganin made their penitent pilgrimage to Belgrade, the French party press faithfully printed the official communiqués without comment; but at meetings of party cells and sections, a "private version" of the tour was circulated. According to this, Yugoslavia, as a result of Tito's errors, found itself in such a disastrous political and economic situation that she had to appeal to Moscow for help and protection. The Soviet leaders could, if they had wished, have imposed their own conditions in return and overthrown Tito, but they refrained from doing this for fear of western intervention which would have retarded still further the construction of Socialism in Yugoslavia. A faint echo of this version was even published in the party organ "France Nouvelle" - and provoked a violent counter-attack in the Yugoslav press. The French C.P. leaders, however, were not primarily concerned with whether their "private version" was plausible or not; the essential thing was to preserve the myth that the party was never wrong.

Similarly, the French party press has observed a total silence on recent scientific discussion in the U.S.S.R. Lysenko, Lepischynskaia, and other "Stalinist" scientists are no longer immune from attack in Moscow; in France, they are still sacrosanct. Unfortunately for the French party, however, French Communist intellectuals also read the bourgeois press and have access to Soviet newspapers; and even in the hermetically sealed world of the party intellectuals, the word is getting around that something is wrong. This, undoubtedly, was the atmosphere which led Pierre Herve, at one time the party's leading *intellectuel de choc*, to bring the growing uneasiness into the open. Two months ago he published "La Revolution et les Fetiches", in which he castigated the "ideological extremism" of the French C.P. and denied the claims of the party leaders to "doctrinal infallibility". The party, he wrote, must abandon its "dogmas and fetishes" and return to free, collective discussion.

The party, after initial hesitation, decided to discipline Hervé, and rushed through his expulsion; but 24 hours later, the 20th Party Congress opened in Moscow, and many of Hervé's leading ideas were echoed in the speeches made by Krushchev, Mikoyan and Suslov. "L'Humanité" was evidently taken by surprise. Mikoyan's speech, for instance, was relegated to page 4, and the passages criticising Stalin were suppressed. Speeches by Molotov and Kaganovich, which were more orthodox in tone, were published on the front page and *in extenso*. Again, on March 6, the anniversary of Stalin's death, "L'Humanité" was the only party newspaper to publish his photograph.

The motives of MM. Thorez and Duclos in trying to preserve the myth of Stalinist infallibility are plain enough. For years, one of Thorez's slogans was "we are proud to be Stalinists". The French C.P. was always the most violently orthodox of the satellite parties in the Cominform; and it was by far the most anti-Titoist at the time of the dispute. Its leaders probably believe that they stand or fall with Stalinism because, unlike Krushchev and Kikoyan, they cannot claim that they acquiesced in Stalin's "errors" because their lives were in danger. But how long can they keep up the facade? For the first time, the opponents of Duclos and Thorez within the party are in a position to appeal to higher authority. At the party congress in June, the leadership will be expected to proclaim the new line; and it remains to be seen whether, in the two months that remain, they can effect the transition without provoking a showdown.

Paris, March 16.

Madrid

STUDENTS VERSUS THE FALANGE

A Correspondent in Madrid writes: Now that the recent disturbance in Madrid between university students and Falangists has quietened down, it becomes possible to make an assessment of the causes and the effects on the regime of this open demonstration of discontent. The actual disturbances broke out because a majority of the students in the University of Madrid want to set up their own organization to represent them, separate from the Falange-controlled S.E.U. (Sindicato Espanol Universitario). All students have to belong to the S.E.U.; but only a minority are Falangists. All must pay a regular sum every course to the S.E.U.'s funds to be used mainly for scholarships; but these scholarships are open only to Falangists. In addition, many of the non-Falangist majority are pressing for the recall of certain exiled teachers and a higher academic standard. An attempt was made to hold elections, which were immediately denounced in a Falangist broadsheet, and three days later a crowd of about 300 Falangists in uniform, many of them evidently too old to be students, invaded the Law Faculty in San Bernardo, armed with various weapons such as iron bars. Intermittent fighting and demonstrations continued in various parts of Madrid on the following two days, culminating in an outbreak of shooting on the morning of the Falangist feast, "The Day of the Fallen Student". The government reacted by suspending for three months two articles of the Fueros (a kind of Charter of Rights). The effect of this action is equivalent to the suspension of Habeas Corpus, and also gives the government power to exile troublesome figures to any part of the Spanish possessions. Classes at the university were suspended, and there was a large number of arrests. The following week two Falangist ministers were dismissed. These government changes have been followed by an overhaul of the other leading Falangist personnel.

It may be wondered how the desire of the Madrid university students for a really representative body should have led to this chain of violence, repression and political upheaval. Apart from the widespread feeling against the regime among the students, the reason is that their claims constitute an important challenge to the structure of Falangist theory. The Falange, it must be remembered, has already lost considerable ground to the new capitalists; and, if the students were allowed to have their own organisation, similar demands would be voiced by some of the other groups at present bound within the authoritarian framework of the Vertical Syndicates, i.e. nominal trade unions appointed from above, of which the S.E.U. is one. Clearly, such an open manifestation of independence had to be smashed at the outset. The interesting thing is that the government's intervention appears to gave been aimed as much at the Falange as at the students. Things now seem to have quietened down. But there is an inevitable legacy of dissatisfaction and bitterness. The students' complaints, which go deep, have not been met, despite the fact that the Rector of the university had already warned the government of the state of feeling before the riots took place. Repression will simply drive the discontent deeper, and, unless measures are taken to satisfy the students, there will be further trouble from this quarter. Falangists also have been left with a feeling of resentment. Already out of sympathy with Franco's pro-monarchical policy, they have seen themselves brought sharply to heel by the Caudillo for what they undoubtedly regard as a legitimate defence of the principles of the state they helped to create. On the other hand, the unrest may have been responsible for one good move. The 20 per cent increase in workers' salaries, which has been mooted during the past few months, has suddenly been announced to take effect from April 1. Since road-workers, for example, have hitherto been earning 25 pesetas (less than five shillings) a day, this is a welcome decision; and it is possible that it was the unrest of recent weeks that spurred the government to take it earlier than was thought likely.

WESTMINSTER

FOUR FUNNEL DIPLOMACY

Once upon a time, restiveness among natives of the Persian Gulf or elsewhere could be quietened, it was thought, by the appearance of a British warship, especially if the ship had four funnels. To the "native" mind of those days, funnels were an even more impressive sign of power than guns. This was convenient and inexpensive, for the British Raj could maintain its appendages without involving itself in the expense of up-to-date ships. It could have its cake and eat it.

The present Conservative Party in the House of Commons has what Nye Bevan called a "truculent nostalgia" for those days even though "natives" now not only know about funnels, but are apt themselves to become truculent at the sight of a gun. Every new move towards self-government in former colonies is mourned as the liquidation of yet another piece of Empire; and the now rarer occasions when Empire is reasserted by gun-boat technique are greeted as signs that there is life in the old bulldog yet.

So the deportation of Archbishop Makarios was hailed as though — again in Bevan's phrase — we had won a new Battle of Trafalgar. This phrase was no exaggeration. For weeks Conservative M.P.s had been shufflingly despondent. But Lennox Boyd's announcement of the deportation was such a shot in the arm that Conservative exuberance swamped the opening stages of the Hanging debate which followed. Two days later, when the full debate on Cyprus took place, it was still overflowing, even though the deportation had had a poor press here and had opened a sizeable crack in the Anglo-American alliance.

Just before the debate began, it was clear, from the flippancies which were bandied across the floor and the total inattention to Questions, that both sides were on tip-toe for a big success. These expectations were not wholly fulfilled for either. There were individual successes. Bevan, less boisterous in his manner and more tautly cogent in argument than on some occasions, had a parliamentary triumph which cut most of the government case into insubstantial little pieces. It was not true that the Archbishop had obstinately refused any concessions — had he not given the biggest concession of all by yielding on Enosis? It was not true that as soon as one of his points had been met the Archbishop came forward frivolously with new and unrelated demands - could it not clearly be seen that his three main demands were naturally and inseparably linked?

LONDON PRINTING DISPUTE

We must continue to ask the indulgence of readers for any shortcomings in this issue resulting from the dispute which has closed printing houses in the London area.

It was true, obviously, that the Archbishop was in close touch with terrorist organisations - but what on earth would be the point of trying to restore peace by negotiating with someone who was not in touch with the disturbers of the peace? It might be true that Britain's interest required a base in Cyprus, but the Archbishop had never objected to our having a base. It was certain that Britain had a vital interest in Middle East oil, but that interest could be met not by semi-colonialism but by commercial agreement, provided — and here he managed to please even the Conservatives — American interests stopped muddying the oil.

Eden, despite a lengthy incursion into history, was not able to reassemble the pieces of his case; but he avoided the now usual failure and so can be said to have had a negative success. Lennox Boyd's success was more positive. He was unfortunate when he tried the "trust-the-man-on-the-spot" gambit; for Francis Noel Baker, the man on this particular spot, refused to be a shield for the government and declared that the Archbishop was sincere, patriotic and moderate. But otherwise, Lennox Boyd spoke with an assurance which no other government speaker has achieved for some time and had, in addition, the substantial point that, during the negotiations, the Archbishop had failed to make any public protest about the use of violence by his supporters.

But more interesting, and possibly more significant, than individual triumphs or failures was the emergence during the debate of two clearly distinguished attitudes of mind. Every speaker discussed the use of force and both sides were unanimously against it when it was used by other people. Indeed, the Tories so vigorously condemned the use of force by Cypriot "terrorists" that Emrys Hughes came out of the House congratulating himself on a mass conversion to pacifism. But, of course, those who most strongly condemned the Cypriot use of force, most strongly approved the government's use of force in Cyprus, and indeed urged it to try the same methods elsewhere; and this was where the distinction emerged.

Labour speakers, like Bevan and Griffiths in this debate and Gaitskell in the earlier debate on the Middle East, categorically rejected the use of force even by ourselves — if the force was intended to suppress or restrain the natural aspirations of hitherto dependent peoples. Negotiation, political settlement and commercial agreement must replace colonialism, tutelage and the strong arm.

In other words, at the very moment when the Conservatives seem to be reverting to their traditional policies of pacification through displays of strength, Socialists are reverting to their traditional principles of substituting friendship for Empire. The gulf between these two attitudes of mind is wide and, if permanent, it must mean the end of that bi-partisanship which so often in recent years has prevented the emergence of a Socialist foreign policy. But since the most passionate condemnation of the government for deporting the Archbishop came from Jim Griffiths, who only a few years ago was responsible for the deportation of Seretse Khama and the Kabaka of Buganda, one hesitates to assume that it is lasting. It may just be the gulf between those temporarily in government — "responsible statesmen" — and those temporarily in opposition — "starry-eyed idealists".

It is this doubt which prevents me from saying that Labour's triumph in the debate was complete. We certainly won the argument; but despite our record in India, Burma, Ceylon and (after a preliminary exercise of "responsibility") in the Gold Coast, we too have our Suez group and, when in office, have seemed capable of doing in Cyprus or elsewhere some of the things which, when in opposition, we condemn.

Tory nostalgia for four-funnelled diplomacy is genuine. It is their last refuge. One can only hope that our nostalgia for the old principles on which we were brought up is equally genuine. It is our main chance.

J.P.W. MALLALIEU

Socialism and the Welfare State

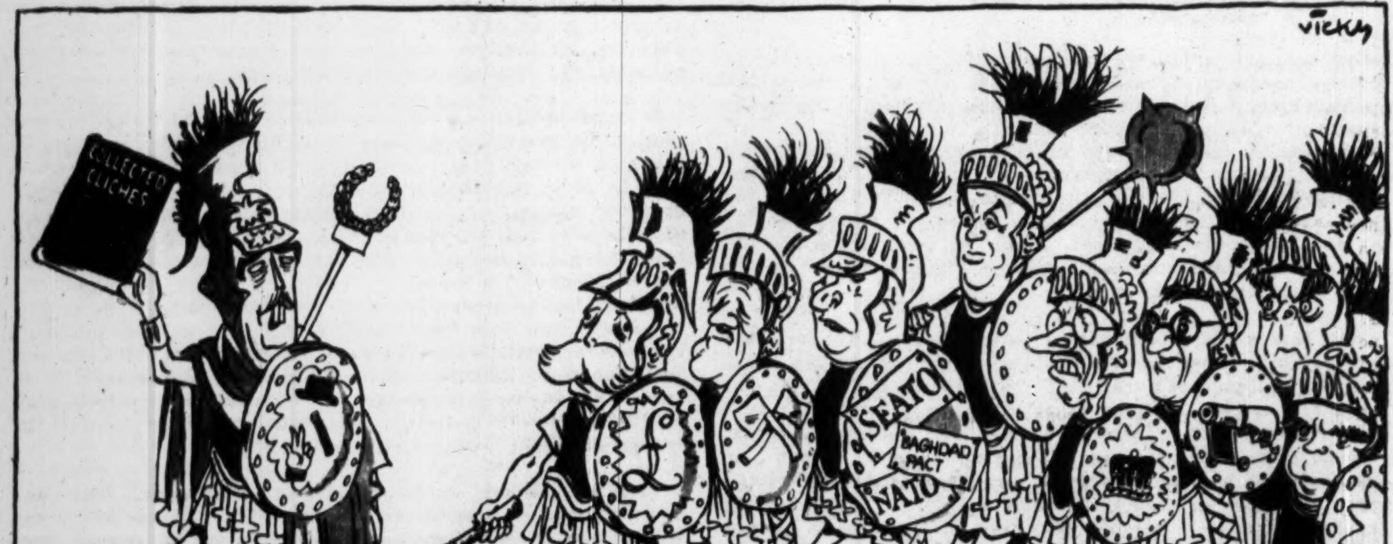
The new index of retail prices, like one of Humpty-Dumpty's words, will mean whatever it is paid to mean. To the "Daily Worker", for instance, it seems a "fraud", because it includes "luxuries" and will therefore minimise changes in the cost of living for the poor, in whose family budgets rent and food bulk large. A Tory commentator, on the other hand, can cite the listing of nylons, motor-cars and television sets as further proof that the workers are doing well. In an age of inflation, the index is bound to be used to score debating points of this kind. Most of them are off the point. Though the new version is less arbitrary and more realistic than its predecessors, since it is based upon a survey of actual spending habits, it is no more than a very general guide to the movement of prices. And though it will move in a slightly different way from the old index, it is unlikely to make very much difference even for those sections of the working-class whose wages are automatically geared to this index. Above all, it is so unrelated to the budgets of the poorest — pensioners, for example, or others on national assistance — that it cannot be used to measure changes in their living costs. For that, a specially devised index must be employed.

The most common use of the index, of course, is to help the Smiths of our society judge whether their incomes are keeping up both with prices and the Joneses. But it really tells us very little about the relative position of different classes or social groups. In the past, a man found for himself and his family out of income, and wage and salary levels gave a broad idea whether he lived well or poorly. Now, with the extension of welfare measures of all kinds, the wage-price relationship matters less and reveals less: there may be very wide variations in comfort and welfare between two men with similar incomes. We need to know how many children they have, whether one lives in a council house and the other in a mortgaged owner-occupation, whether they look forward to an employer's pension on retirement or to national assistance, whether one has his effective income increased by such devices as meal vouchers, car allowances and so on. If we wish to know about the real conditions of specific families or social groups, we must consider many forms of state help, tax relief and "indirect" benefits.

We claim to have a "welfare state" in Britain. If we were better informed about the social costs and consequences of our welfare system, we should be a lot less gloomy about its nominal expense and much less complacent about its achievements. Even in the Labour Party, too many people take it for granted that Britain has come close to the limit of social reform, that the reforms already carried out are working to the best purpose, and that the system is busy redistributing income from the rich to the poor.

None of these assumptions is justified. Yet they can be found in Labour's defence of its welfare legislation, just as they are carried to the point of travesty by the angry middle-class readers of "The Times". Their class conscious complaint is that full employment and social security measures have destroyed a differential to which they feel morally and even genetically entitled. Tutored by such writers as Roy Lewis and Angus Maude, and by such "realistic" politicians as Iain Macleod and Enoch Powell, they wish to see social welfare confined to some unspecified minimum for those whom a means test shows to be unable to help themselves. Everyone else would pay a fair share for social services, which could then become "genuine", and would no longer be used to pursue the socially harmful objective of equality through the redistribution of income.

Because the Labour Party takes a narrow view of welfare, it has not yet worked out a coherent alternative to the disintegrating Beveridge system. A start was made last year, when the party conference showed that, in the sphere of state pensions at least, the party may be prepared to replace "Beveridge" by a more flexible system, designed to bridge the gap between working and retirement income. But, at present, it is easy for middle-class critics to score points all down the line. By attacking the Beveridge system from the right, they have forced Labour to spend time and effort defending it, instead of analysing its defects. They can mobilise middle-class support by a catalogue of specific grievances - taxation, school fees, the shortage of domestic servants, the cost of vacations and other class problems. And they can work up a scare about the "burden" of welfare by coupling dubious social arithmetic with the



"THERE WAS NO MAN OF HIS TIME LIKE ANTHONY FOR ADDRESSING A MULTITUDE, OR FOR CARRYING SOLDIERS WITH HIM BY THE FORCE OF WORDS" —PLUTARCH suggestion that only the working-class benefits from the welfare state. They do not have to be specific about this. They simply conjure up prejudice by the image of a well-fed, well-dressed and socially irresponsible wonder buying his creature comforts at the taxpayer's expense. In middle-class terms - and how successfully these terms have been slipped into popular currency! - welfare is something that the middle-classes provide for others. The letter-writers to "The Times" never reflect that they, too, are receiving state help and relief, that there is no difference beyond methods of accounting between a tax concession for school-fees, which they ardently desire, and a subsidy given to a council house, which they dislike.

This class attitude, in which one can still detect the philosophy of the poor law, is reserved for the "public" sector of the welfare system - the social insurance, national assistance and health services, for instance. And it conceals the fact, pointed out by Professor Titmuss in a striking lecture[*], that in fact the system has three parts, social, fiscal and occupational. Each of them is an attempt to meet different conditions of dependency that arise from the division of labour in an industrial society. But the first of them, in the middle-class view. is done for people, while the other two are genuine, morally-sanctioned rewards for achievement. The first makes a feather-bed for sluggards, while the two others, it passionately believes, are necessary stimulants to incentive.

When the Treasury spends money on social insurance, subsidies, national assistance and the health service, the middle-class groans under the burden of extravagance: it sees no inconsistency in cheerfully accepting several hundred million pounds in tax reliefs for dependants of one kind or another. It is alarmed at the rising cost of state pensions, for it likes to measure such costs in nice round figures, not as a proportion of a rising national income. Yet it demands even more tax concessions for private insurance and for superannuation schemes, even though these are expanding about five times as fast as the state pension scheme, and though they represent an increasing loss to the revenue. And it applauds a great variety of other concealed subsidies to income, which industry can set against tax liability, although these amenities are confined to special groups, which thereby gain privileges at the expense of the Exchequer.

Our welfare state, therefore, has three distinct forms of service. They should be complementary. But they have grown up piecemeal, and just as each caters for a different social group, so each has its own values and objectives. And the net effect is not, as is widely believed, to redistribute income from the middle-class to the workers, or to carry us further towards equality, but unconsciously to create new forms of inequality. Professor Titmuss has already shown how the growth of occupational pensions is leading us towards a society in which there may be greater inequalities in old age than there are in working life. In a similar way, tax reliefs and occupational benefits may more than offset any redistribution that takes place in the "social" sector. The Beveridge principle, applied universally in a classless society without great discrepancies of income, might be fair and workable. But it is applied to only one part of the welfare system in a class society riven by differences of status and reward, and the two other parts are built on and reinforce those differences.

It is now fashionable in the Labour Party to talk about "greater equality". But what does this mean? A higher social minimum, below which none shall fall; a larger social wage for the employed worker; the use of heavier taxation to reduce the inequalities of income that inevitably arise our of our society? Or does it mean a new and unified social policy, with new conceptions of need and responsibility, which will probably be achieved only when we recast our social structure? In short, is the objective more welfare in a predominantly capitalist economy where injustices are corrected, or the creation of a Socialist society?

London Diary

No wonder Georgians are not ready to accept obediently Krushchev's picture of Stalin as a mass murderer; they have been taught to believe that their national hero was divine. Communists in Eastern Europe are more prepared. Last summer, a friend of mine returned from a satellite capital where Krushchev had recently made a speech in which he had already made most of the charges against Stalin that are now so theatrically reported from Moscow. He had given details, for instance, about Stalin's murder of Voznesnensky. He had also been challenged to say why he and his friends did nothing to stop Stalin "decimating" the Soviet army before the war, and had replied, as he did in Moscow, that a word of protest meant having your throat cut. As for Krushchev's charge that Stalin refused to believe that his friend Hitler would invade Russia, I can add that in that year I learnt from Benes (who had the best Intelligence service in Europe at his disposal) that he had personally told Churchill the date of the coming Nazi invasion and that Churchill had at once passed on the news to Moscow. Some of Krushchev's further statements about Stalin's failure as a war leader, however, sound to me like stories blown up to blacken his predecessor's reputation. The whole incident may again give currency to the circumstantial story that Stalin was murdered by Party leaders. They had reason to believe that he was mad long before the obvious lunacy of the arrest of the twelve doctors. With the Tukachevsky purge in their minds - and the war as its aftermath - they may have decided that Stalin's death was the only solution.

If the present collective leadership had only boosted itself by blackening Stalin, that would merely have conformed to the traditional pattern of dictatorship. But they have totally repudiated "the cult of personality" for themselves as well as Stalin and they have revived controversy throughout the Party - and that, of course, means far beyond it. The effect must be profound - and not only in Tiflis. The Soviet public now feel sure, for instance, that the victims of the purges were innocent; they may believe Krushchev - when he points out that all the evidence against thousands of people who were executed throughout the Soviet Union was fabricated by Yagoda, who was himself afterwards executed as a traitor. Communists would never listen to the same unanswerable argument when it was used in this country. Again, Communists have now been told to doubt basic dogmas, such as that war with capitalism is inevitable and that Socialism is impossible without violent revolution. Togliatti has added to scepticism by saying that Stalin was wrong in continuing the class war after the revolution - that is, for instance, in liquidating the kulaks. I wait now with great interest for a new formulation from Palme Dutt and Pat Sloan, whom correspondents in the Daily Worker are actually being allowed to accuse of suppressing discussion in the Party, defending the cult of the individual, and drafting resolutions for the coming Congress that are "full of political jargon, hackneyed phrases and clichés". Why not, correspondents ask, "translate them into good, plain English"?

A correspondent in this week's issue produces some interesting evidence to justify the Soviet claim that Popov preceded Marconi as the discoverer of radio. I consulted a British scientist on the point; he answered that it was as silly, and no sillier, to claim the honour for Marconi than for Popov. Popov gave a demonstration of radio transmission and reception in 1895 - a year before Marconi took out his patent. He himself regarded Heinrich Hertz as his predecessor in the discovery of radio waves, and Hertz had been working on the electro-magnetic theory of Clark Maxwell... My friend went on: "you see what I mean? Scientific discoveries are built up from different sources and it is almost arbitrary where you decide to give the credit. As far as that goes, no-one has ever given proper recognition to the two Post Office engineers who in the 1930s discovered what was interfering with the signals from Bournemouth radio transmitter. They found they were echoing aircraft flying through the beam - the first aircraft detection by radar. Why waste time claiming credit?"

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[*] The Social Division of Welfare. By R.M. Titmuss. Liverpool University Press. 2s. 6d.

Resignations from national newspapers on grounds of principle are not very common. Journalists habitually argue that, after all, they are not paid to think for the Editor but only to do their own restricted job. As long as the paper has standards which don't outrage their own, or does not grossly distort their reports by headlines or sub-editorial cutting, even responsible journalists will go on working for papers whose political policy they do not like. So I was interested to learn the other day that Mr. Cyril Ray has resigned from the "Sunday Times", where his name has appeared weekly for the last nine years. For 18 months he was the only English reporter in Moscow. He found this experience interesting but frustrating. I recall his telling me that on his arrival he wrote a descriptive piece about his journey from Leningrad to Moscow and referred to "the shaggy ponies" that he had seen from the train. The Russian censor - in 1956 said to be a reformed character - crossed out "shaggy" on the grounds that it was derogatory to Soviet horses. Cyril Ray has now resigned (without ill-will on either side), on the grounds that he so much disagreed with a "Sunday Times" leader supporting capital punishment that he could no longer feel comfortable writing for the paper.

Will the departmental committee set up by the Ministry of Fuel and Power to enquire into the cost of coal distribution listen to the evidence of infuriated housewives who declare that they are systematically cheated every time their coal is delivered? Just how much truth there is in their charges, I don't know, but they are too consistent and common to be brushed aside. It is said that unless the housewife stands by and counts each bag as it is emptied, the chances are that the delivery will be one short; that when she signs the receipt she will find the correct number of bags, but that it is common practice for delivery men to keep empty bags handy to make up the right amount when it comes to counting. Again, if the bill comes in weeks after delivery, and is for top grade coal, it is difficult for people to prove that they actually received grade 4. Yet I am told this often happens - which may be why thoughtless customers blame the miners for putting slate into the coal. Of course any cheating of this kind adds to the cost of the coal and so comes within the committee's terms of reference.

CRITIC

BYRONIC REFLECTIONS ON A DIET OF WORMS

A firm of fish-bait suppliers in Hamilton, Ohio, has been negotiating with the Aberdeen Chamber of Commerce for an annual supply of 10,000,000 Scottish earth-worms.

Shall Caledonia monopolise
    The export trade of things that creep and crawl?
All British worms, in succulence and size,
    Have equal merits piscatorial;
If the World Market needs such merchandise
    (Since Sterling worms are soft) and let us all
Fish the Atlantic for a Dollar catch,
Hope at the helm and worms beneath the hatch.

The Eden worm, that wriggles in debate,
    The Georgian (appropriately hanging),
The Early Boydian, whose disast'rous gait
    The Worms that Turn are not so keen on ganging,
And (most expendable to those who hate
    Vermiform verbiage in long haranguing)
Take all our Diplomatic Bummarees,
Hooked by Macmillan with a Credit Squeeze.

Take last the Tape-worms of our London Press,
    The eager parasites of putrefaction -
I must not name them, lest they seek redress,
    Crawling to law-courts with a libel action;
And yet the reader cannot fail to guess
    What worms have fed on war and filth and faction:
To such a cretin public plays the host,
Some millions here - so why should Scotland boast?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

There was a hitch in the arrangements about the car in which the Queen and the Duke should drive. Corsican officials found a car they considered splendid enough for the occasion. Then they discovered that the car's owner had been divorced.

It was thought that the Queen might be embarrassed over that.

"Sunday Express". (G. Lumb)

A delegation from the National Union of Small Shopkeepers arrived in Paris from London to-day... Asked if they would spend the evening at the Folies Bergère, Mr. Lynch replied: "It would not be fair to our families".

"Daily Telegraph". (A.E. Thompson)

Women competing in an amateur dance contest changed their dresses in the reading room of Evesham Public Library. The Town Council says this must not be regarded as a precedent.

"County Express" (Stourbridge). (D. Sachs)

The Tragedy of Father Huddleston

Those who would understand the tragedy of Father Huddleston's recall from Johannesburg must read his book. They should also see a remarkable play now being performed at the Haymarket Theatre. The parallel between the two dramas is singularly close; both end in the triumph of evil over Christianity and for almost identical reasons. The play is set in 18th century South America and the South African tragedy is being enacted this very day and very week.

In "The Strong Are Lonely" (the original - and far better - French title was "On Earth As It Is In Heaven") we are taken to the Jesuit state which, in historical fact, brought a measure of love, well-being and security to about 150,000 South American Indians who would otherwise have been enslaved by Spanish traders and planters. This comparatively happy communal state was destroyed by order of the King of Spain who listened to those whose interests were damaged when Indians were treated as human beings; inevitably they believed in White dictatorship; the modern words are baaskop (in Africaner) and Herrenvolk (in German). In the play the Father Provincial in charge of this revolutionary attempt to make people both happy and good, is prepared for armed resistance to the King rather than betray into slavery those who utterly trust him. He surrenders because as a member of the Society of Jesus he must obey his Superior. His crime, he is told, is to have mingled in politics; he should have been content to save souls by baptising the slaves, and to ignore what happened to their bodies. But it was his Superiors who were concerned with politics: the unhappy victims in Paraguay were sacrificed to the political calculations of those who feared that the Jesuit Order would be damaged. The sacrifice was in vain, for the Order was thrown out of Spain shortly afterwards.

The parallel is strangely close. In 1949 Father Huddleston was appointed Provincial of the Community in South Africa; he had devoted his life to the welfare of helpless people, and, like his Jesuit predecessor, was ready to risk all against the State on their behalf, but has been compelled by his oath of obedience as a member of the Anglican Order of the Resurrection to abandon those who looked to him as their only friend. Nothing else than the oath of obedience, he writes, "could have torn me away from Africa at this moment. And no other motive than a supernatural one could be sufficient or strong enough to make sense of such a parting."

As with the Father Provincial of the play, the good which Father Huddleston did brought him into conflict with a government resolved to maintain White dominion. The hierarchy of the Church found it inconvenient that he should quarrel with the State. He was told that he should have stuck to theology. Unlike Wilberforce, who thought that to fight against slavery was part of Christianity, the Archbishop of Canterbury held that Father Huddleston was wrong to meddle with politics. A strange view for an Archbishop whose work is so predominantly political. Dr. Fisher even went so far as to argue that Jesus Christ was a pacifist - a statement with which I agree, but comes oddly from a cleric who is not, as far as I know, on record as opposing war or supporting conscientious objectors who go to prison in testimony to Christ's precepts. I can only explain Dr. Fisher's lapses by supposing that when he saw the actual work done by Father Huddleston in standing almost as a lone witness for Christ, his mind became so confused that he was driven to defend evil by arguments for which he must now be praying for forgiveness. Maybe in his prayers he will recall that the language for which Father Huddleston has been rebuked was not stronger than that used by Christ about the Pharisees.

Unlike the earlier Father Provincial of the play, Father Huddleston could not set up any kind of Utopia in Johannesburg. He merely fought, as he says, with his tongue and his pen against a frank and deliberate policy of imposed servitude. The South African Government has not hidden its anti-Christian and inhuman purpose. Dr. Verwoerd, the Minister of Native Affairs, goes no further than Dr. Malan or Mr. Strijdom when he says that for the African there can be no place "in any European society above the level of certain forms of labour". Apartheid, it should be noticed is fraudulent as well as evil. "The certain forms of labour" required of the African are essential to Europeans and destroy any reality in apartheid. The African cannot live apart even if he wished. Even if he could obtain the necessary pass to move or could physically make the journey of hundreds of miles to native Reserves where, as Father Huddleston points out, he would be an utter stranger, he would be immediately driven out again to work for the Europeans so that he could pay the poll tax imposed on him for that purpose. How absolute his servitude is Father Huddleston explains by the simple but convincing method of describing the day by day life he has lived for the last 12 years among the outcasts who form the great majority of the population of South Africa. Every African must carry a pass; more than half the time of the police and the courts is taken up in fining and jailing Africans who have forgotten, mislaid or failed to renew their passes. The African who attempts to flout the colour bar is imprisoned or flogged. Recent legislation is aimed at depriving the vast majority of Africans of any education except that minimum which will enable them to work as servants or manual labourers. Father Huddleston is right that the Church's acceptance of the abolition of the measure of real education offered by the churches to the Africans is the very worst example of Christian cowardice. A series of laws, unparallelled except by the Nuremberg legislation of Nasi Germany, has been passed in the last few years; the Suppression of Communism Act, Criminal Law Amendment Act, the Public Safety Act and the Native Urban Areas Act, have, as Father Huddleston says, made the African a prisoner in his own town. The African has, however, no town, only a "location".

Father Huddleston himself worked in Sophiatown, the one location where, by an accident, Africans actually owned their plots of ground. He found it an exciting and wonderful place. On the excuse that it was a slum, Sophiatown is now being razed to the ground. The chief reason for destroying it was that the White residential area had so far expanded that some European houses were not removed from African shanties by more than the distance of a barbed wire fence. Also the natural location of Sophiatown had physical aspects attractive to real estate agents. It was this act of robbery, and forcible removal of people he loved by police with tommy guns, that finally showed Father Huddleston the reality of the police state. Incidents of extreme police brutality and European contempt for the law (in spite of the honourable efforts of some judges in contrast to most magistrates) are scattered through Father Huddleston's book. A European can flog an African to death and receive a light jail sentence: if the police kick one in the stomach so that he dies, European Christians show no concern. Father Huddleston rightly explains that apartheid is hell, not only in the colloquial, but in the theological sense. It deliberately sets a great gulf between man and man; it is the total denial of love between human beings.

Because he believed in love and sought to create conditions in which Christianity could be something else than hypocrisy Father Huddleston offended. He did what he could. He worked night and day as a priest. He tried to prevent youths under his charge from becoming tsotsis - or as we should say, hooligans or teddy-boys - and at the same time to bring home to Europeans that it was they who were responsible for the terrifying increase of violent crime since it was they who deprived young men of any normal outlet. That is the last thesis that the advocates of apartheid can stomach, since their case falls to the ground if they cannot persuade themselves that Africans are by nature inferior. Father Huddleston could occasionally moderate some gross injustice in the courts; some Europeans could be shocked into attention when an English priest protested. He could even purchase a trumpet for a small boy and start among these musical people a habit of forming brass bands which is not, as far as I know, yet regarded as rebellion. In short, on the personal plane, Father Huddleston could do something to show that not all Christianity was hypocrisy.

With Father Huddleston's recall, which was obviously necessary if those in Hell were to be deprived of any glimpse of Heaven, few Europeans are left to work actively against servitude. Most of those who have tried to do so have been deprived of their passports and live outside South Africa or in all the security of police serveillance. Africans will have to find their own Moses to lead them; in course of time they will, if only because industry will need educated and skilled Africans. The Europeans of South Africa will not be able for ever to maintain a slave state in isolation, though their attempt may drown Africa in blood. It is not the least of Father Huddleston's sorrows - and of mine too, though I do not share his faith - that those who liberate the African people will not be Christians either in my sense or in his.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Abolition and After

There is little point in further complaint that the government, by involving parliament in what promises to be a prolonged dog-fight over Mr. Silverman's Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill, instead of producing a bill of its own, has failed to keep a promise. Mr. Silverman himself said, moving the second reading of his bill, that the government's decision does at least reinforce the principle that the desirability of the death penalty "has always been treated as a strictly non-party question". If indeed it is a non-party matter, the Hansard record of the voting shows a large number of powerful coincidences, but the propriety of the government's behaviour has become a matter of sterile controversy. The real problem ahead is: what can be done to preserve this highly vulnerable bill, which has a perilous course to run and little likelihood of government help.

Many red herrings are in preparation for the committee stage and after. The cumulative effect of the amendments already tabled would be to leave the capital punishment position little different from what it is now. The three that bear the name of Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth may be taken to represent the misgivings felt by the more moderate reformers. They would ensure that the death penalty was retained for killing (a) in the course of armed robbery or burglary, (b) while evading arrest, and (c) while serving a life sentence, the victim being a prison officer. The first two would leave the stage set for more cases like that of Derek Bentley, unless something were to be done about the doctrine of "constructive malice".

Mr. Martin Lindsay, too, wants to protect prison officers and policemen; and Mr. William Yates, whose concern is for Her Majesty's judges, active or retired, (are they more likely to get shot when they cannot pass death sentences?), wants to protect retired policemen too. Mr. Rees-Davies, who seeks to substitute "imprisonment for the lifetime of the prisoner" for the present phrase "imprisonment for life", and presumably hopes thus to make the sentence determinate, may see in this verbal change a means of stultifying the royal prerogative of mercy; but an attack on that would require to be far more specific. This one lacks even the merit of subtlety.

There is little doubt, however, that the abolitionists' main battle will be fought over the supposed vulnerability of police and prison officers. On this there is little anyone can say during the committee stage that has not been said ad nauseam; and the evidence about it from foreign countries, which has reassured successive Royal Commissions and Select Committees, seems merely to inflame those whom it has not long ago convinced.

If there are to be amendments to modify the law about provocation and to introduce the defence of "diminished responsibility", it might be possible to incorporate them even in a totally abolitionist bill - they were suggested in the second reading debate by Mr. J.E.S. Simon. They would be improvements in the law of murder, whatever the punishment; and abolitionists will have to face the fact that, among the ten or twelve people now put to death every year, there are a few whom it might not be safe to release from prison for twenty years or more. The decision to release such a prisoner must often depend, not only on his apparent regeneration but also on the total disappearance of the conditions that conduced to his crime, and in some cases too upon his enfeeblement by age. Literally life-long imprisonment, in the case of a person who is sane, is almost unknown even in the abolitionist countries.

There are already in English prisons, a small number of potentially violent psychopaths. Abolition of the death penalty might very slightly add to their number. What are we to do with them? In Scandinavian prisons they are kept under careful medical observation, in conditions that make possible a wide variety of treatment. When it is seen, for example, that their state of tension is mounting, they are either supplied with a job of hard work as a distraction or given sedative or tension-reducing drugs. If they are known to be "epileptoid" personalities, as many of them are without being epileptics, their recurrent crises can be short-circuited, so to speak, by electroplexy. Where there is no actual brain damage, they more often respond to group therapy treatment, gradually acquiring self-control.

Which is the more likely to answer effectively the plea of the prison officers for special protection against the multiple murderer - the retained threat of the gallows, each operation of which is a ceremonial confession of its own failure, turning one avoidable death into two, or an intelligent medical policy of prevention? There are people in the Borstal service today who have been able to predict - sometimes, but not necessarily, with the aid of the electroencephalograph, but usually with despairing accuracy - that certain youths one day would do murder. Any change in the present policy of letting them do it and then hanging them must wait on the abolition of the death penalty and the whole reorientation of penal policy that must come with it.

From this and all other points of view the Home Secretary (who still sees no change in public opinion on hanging) was nevertheless right in opposing the suggestion that the death penalty be merely suspended. "The suggestion", he said, "that during a period of five or even ten years we can conduct an experiment which will produce really valuable figures for evidence is quite illusory. We cannot isolate the factors which affect the fluctuations of the figures in any given time .... Any such experiment would throw no light whatever on the problems involved in keeping men in detention for twenty or thirty years".

The death penalty, in fact, must be abolished, boldly and totally - not as a negative step in the amelioration of the law, but as the beginning of a new approach to the entire problem of crime in the 20th century.

C.H. ROLPH

Fleet Street Notebook

I hope that the Press Council will go very carefully into the deplorable business of the attack on Mr. Arthur Koestler and the "Observer" by the Under Secretary at the Home Office. There can be no doubt at all that the statement prepared for Lord Mancroft by Home Office officials cast the gravest doubts on the integrity of both Mr. Koestler and the "Observer" and could not do other than convince all who heard it — as it did Lord Hailsham who first suggested that the matter be reported to the Press Council — that both of them had been guilty of deliberately suppressing portions of an official document quoted by Mr. Koestler in his articles, in order to strengthen their case against hanging. This was not so, and the Home Office must have known that it was not so when it briefed Lord Mancroft. In an attempt to smirch a distinguished writer and a responsible journal on the eve of the hanging debate, in which their views might be expected to have some influence on the attitude of M.P.s, the Home Office seems to have misled its own Under-Secretary as well as the House of Lords.

Nor is this the first occasion on which the Home Office has shown itself more anxious to prove itself right than to make all the facts available in its dealing with newspapers. It did so at the time that allegations were made by the "Daily Mail" and others of corruption in some sections of the police - allegations subsequently shown to have had some foundation. And its recent response to demands for publication of the Casement diaries, or at any rate for access to them by serious historians, has been rather dubious. In the case of the "Observer", the part played by the Home Office is so open to serious criticism that it seems to me the Press Council will be failing in its duty - which includes the defence of the press as well as criticism of it - if it does not examine the matter thoroughly and announce its conclusions in the firmest possible terms.

Incidentally, it is interesting to compare the line up of the press on the no-hanging bill and on the deporting of Archbishop Makarios. It is identical. Those who favour hanging in each case applaud deportation - firmness is all whatever its consequences. The "Mail", "Express" and "Sketch" are in the van in both causes with the "Telegraph" marching more solemnly, but not less purposefully, just behind. The "Mail", which a week or two ago came out with a remarkable leading article tracing the decay of British power to our softness with the South Africans after the Boer war, can now hardly contain its pleasure that the government has "done something" in Cyprus - nor its anger at the result of the vote on Silverman's bill. As for the "Express", which now proclaims daily that it "represents the heart and soul of the nation it serves", it has cast aside one of its few principles - hatred of the House of Lords and demand for its abolition - in its determination that firmness shall rule in Britain no less than in Cyprus.

I am glad to hear from several of those most concerned with the foundation of the International Press Institute that there is not, and never was, any real basis for the suspicion that American newspaper editors were anxious to turn the Institute into an ideological instrument of the cold war. Continental and overseas journalists who voiced the fears to which I made reference in this column some weeks ago were, I am sure, honest in holding them. But I am quite satisfied from the facts given me by Mr. Lester Markel — the true father of the Institute — and from Mr. Brkke's letter in this issue, that they were a product of their own imaginations. Not only the two American foundations, Ford and Rockefeller, but a number of American editors, headed by Mr. Markel, played a very notable part in putting the Institute on its feet. It is now getting well-deserved support from editors and publishers all over the world — including, I am glad to say, substantial financial support from one or two British newspapers at long last — and is headed for a thoroughly useful and independent life. It is one international enterprise on which Americans can, I think, unreservedly congratulate themselves.

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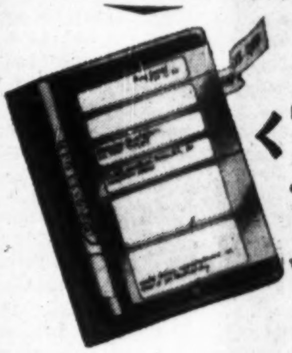

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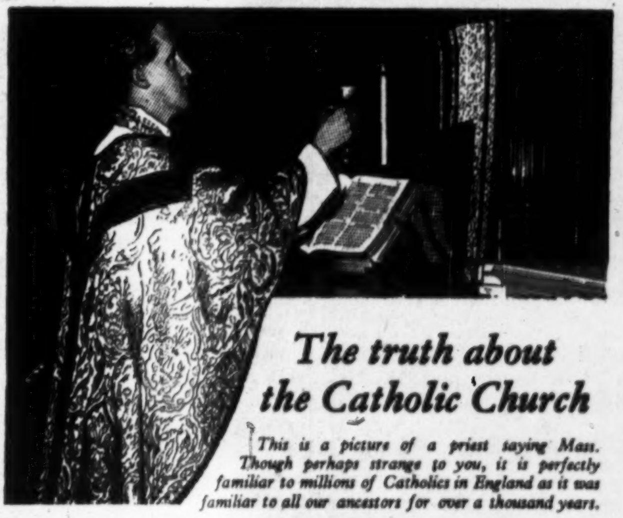

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Disenchantment

An uncle of mine who had made a fortune obscurely and then taken to farming would hardly ever employ people who had nothing the matter with them. The neighbours said it was to get his labour cheap. It was not true; he paid the current rates of wages: but it was a fact that before anyone could get a job with my uncle they had to be slightly crippled or not quite right in the head or suffer some other disability, such as having "done a bit of time".

He had a foreman, a most reliable man, who was an ex-convict. When I was a boy this man's conversation was a corrective to those copy-book maxims which might have set up illusions in my mind. The foreman was what is called a superior man, that is he was not without education, had read a little and had a serious, indeed a melancholy manner, which well became his long, dark and quixotic face and his lean, slow-moving person. He was not ashamed of having been in prison and he had views, possibly of interest to sociologists, on prison reform.

He had been a reasonably successful burglar in a small but steady way of business until he was given away to the police by a nark. I could find no fault in him but, if it be a fault, snobbishness. My uncle's property lay between the estates of two noblemen, one an earl of ancient family, the other a newly created aperient baron. Some snobs love a lord, however new, but my uncle's foreman was not so easily satisfied. When the earl called to see my uncle's new Jersey bull, or a tractor or one of other things he was always buying, the foreman would go out of his way to get into conversation with him, although he was a dull, vulgar, horsey little man who was rude to servants. The foreman kept calling him "my lord", *à tort et à travers*; whereas he was uncivil to the baron and would hardly and grudgingly call him "sir". And this was the purest snobbishness, for the baron was a pleasant and cultivated man who did not take his ennoblement seriously, having bought the peerage in the way of business to advertise the success of his product.

My uncle's foreman behaved in this curious way on principle. He deplored the decadence of society and taste; and, despite the evidence, attributed it to a want of regard for blood and too much regard for money. He deprecated the whole idea of the career open to talent, holding it to be destructive of stability; and he understood and expounded subtleties of manners and taste which were obscure to me and have remained so, but which I found as interesting and curious as I should have found the ritual of a secret society.

I once asked him whether he had decided to go straight because he had found that honesty was the best policy. He said I was on no account to believe any such thing or it would be the worse for me. He said his income and prospects as a burglar had been far better than they were as a farm foreman. He had given up his former trade because, as a result of a shocking experience, he had lost confidence in his judgment.

He explained the business to me, but I found it hard to follow and perhaps did not understand it perfectly. He specialised in a branch of his trade which was, at the time, called "cat" burglary, and in the robbing of large houses whose owners were out at a banquet or a ball. By making a careful study of those weeklies devoted to the activities of people of consequence in the social life of London, he was often able to predict the night when a house would be empty of all but servants. Since it was his object to steal jewellery, it might be thought that a night when the lady of the house was at a ball or banquet was a bad choice, since she would be wearing her best pieces. But the foreman explained to me that a woman of the class he frequented as a thief would not, as a rule, wear all her jewellery, and that he was never greedy; one or two good pieces would pay for his evening's work. Moreover, he explained that his knowledge of society enabled him to estimate, with some measure of success, whether a woman would be wearing her best, or only her second best jewels, or even none at all. He said, I do not know how truly, that a rising society woman, who wore her *rivière* to ball A, might well wish to make it clear that she felt less obliged in being invited to ball B by wearing only her pearls. And that, having charitably accepted an invitation to an undistinguished house, C, she might, if none too sure of her own position, mark her sense of conferring an obligation by wearing no jewellery at all.

His calculations, however, were rendered almost useless when a change in fashion, which he attributed to Mme. Chanel, led to the wearing of barbaric or "costume" jewellery. He thought that people of family, unable any longer to afford real jewels and perhaps obliged to sell those which they already had, made a merit of it by supporting the fashion for sham. But since it would have been vulgar, as wanting in candour, to wear paste with the intention of passing it off as real, Mme. Chanel's device of making the jewels so enormous that they could not possibly be genuine was welcomed.

This change did not, however, lead to my uncle's foreman discovering full jewel boxes when he climbed into houses whose mistresses were at a party. Women whose real jewels were not being used sent them to the bank or even sold them. So that trade, for my uncle's foreman, became very bad and he was once or twice obliged to steal costume jewellery for the few shillings it would fetch, to buy bread for his family. He decided to rob a certain house, in this emergency, although his study of its occupants was not complete.

The house belonged to an immensely wealthy north-country cannon-founder, who had married a woman much younger than himself, the daughter of a South African diamond millionaire. Her dowry had been princely and her jewellery was fabulous. No doubt it had been bought wholesale. But she was socially ambitious and, over anxious to be correct and in the swim, had been one of the first to reject the ostentation of wealth for the more elegant boast of a fashionable poverty - implied, but often falsely implied, by the wearing of a few shillings' worth of trumpery.

My uncle's foreman calculated that not only would so wealthy a woman have no occasion to sell her real jewels, but might be less careful of them than a poorer woman. He ought, therefore, to find something worth stealing in her bedroom or safe. He made his way into the house without much trouble. But he was very gravely disappointed. He could find no safe and, although he did find a large jewel-casket, he could find nothing in it but a small diamond ring, a solitaire (for which his fence might give him ten pounds) and a lot of very garish and barbaric costume jewellery in the height of fashion - "pearls" as big as pigeons' eggs set as earrings and a collar of "diamonds" larger than pennies.

It was no use lamenting: he took the real diamond, rejected the shams and left the house. He had almost forgotten the business when during a call on his fence he happened to catch a glimpse of some of the pieces he had rejected in his business associate's safe. He uttered some witticism about the hardness of times which had reduced a man, formerly particular about the quality of the goods he handled, to dealing in such worthless toys.

"Worthless?" his associate said. And placing the pearl earrings and the diamond collar on the table, he added: "I have always found you a sound judge of a stone. Have a close look at these".

My uncle's foreman paused in his narrative and looked at me long and thoughtfully. He said: "I'd heard of Edwardian countesses being secret about wearing paste to conceal the pawning of the family diamonds. I'd never heard of a woman wearing trashy costume jewellery to satisfy the fashion, imitated in real gems to satisfy herself. It seemed to me I was getting old. I did another job, but my heart wasn't in it. I didn't know where I was any longer. I did a year's time and it was time to think. It brought me here."

My uncle's foreman scratched the back of my uncle's Large White sow who was suckling fifteen pigs. "Know where you are with her", he said.

EDWARD HYAMS

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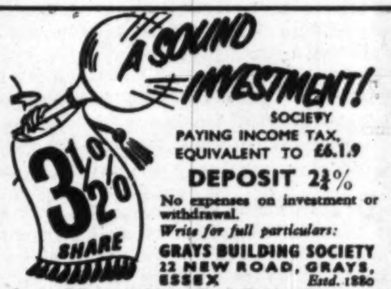

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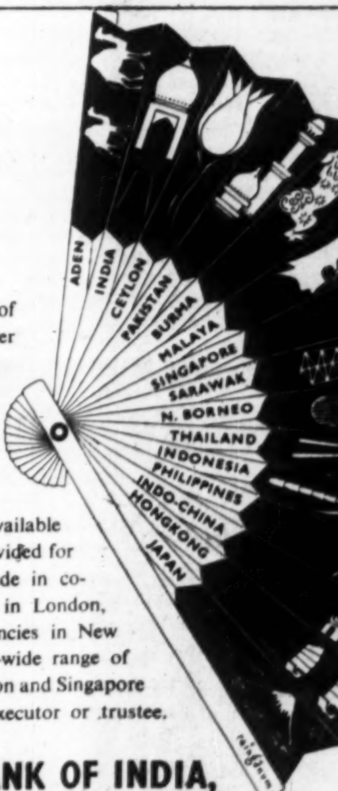

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2

A WRITER'S THEATRE

What promises to be one of the most exciting and important events in the English Theatre for a great many years, takes place in Easter Week. This is the opening on Easter Monday of the newly founded English Stage Company's season under the direction of Mr. George Devine, at the Royal Court Theatre Sloane Square. Not since the famous Court Theatre season of the nineteen hundreds has anything so adventurous and so full of promise been planned and executed. For the English Stage Company intends to devote itself to the discovery and production of new plays of literary and aesthetic merit primarily, if it can find enough of them, ones written in the English language. And it proposes, like its famous predecessor, to play them in repertory.

The organisers of this venture believe that the stage offers a medium in which our best writers could and should enjoy expressing themselves, and they are rash enough to hope that if they can once establish themselves as a theatre where the most interesting contemporary writing is encouraged, they will attract to the drama writers who in the previous conditions of the Theatre have shied off this medium. The kind of contemporary writing they admire is well shown, I think, in two of their first authors, Mr. Angus Wilson and Mr. Nigel Dennis. Mr. Devine, the artistic director of the new venture, himself made a point of this when talking the other day about his plans. "Ours is not to be a producer's theatre," he said, "or an actor's theatre; it is a writer's theatre", and his main concern at the moment is how to attract the best writers into it. As an earnest of his intentions, there are several small innovations. He emphasised, for instance, that he would welcome the presence of any writer at any of his rehearsals if that would help the inexperienced to learn their technique. Then he hopes to be able later to inaugurate double bills so that writers could afford to experiment with something less crucial than a full-length play. And finally, he was justifiably proud of the fact that no play submitted had remained for longer than a week unread; and when I asked him if he had any particular theory of acting which he was seeking to develop in his company, his answer was in terms of catching the author's style and giving that its full weight.

This is something quite new in the English Theatre, and it is an approach which is surely to be welcomed. The writer has on the whole had a raw deal from the stage in the past; and even now, however genuinely anxious the commercial managements are to find new plays, the conditions under which they work operate against the original writer. If they do find an original play on which they are prepared to take a risk, they can only afford to do so when they have secured one or other of the crowd-drawing stars to give them a second line of defence. The protracted delays and frequent frustrations which this involves often ends in sickening writers with the whole business, and they return to the comparatively sensibly organised world of publishing. Mr. Devine will not be able to offer them such enticing terms as the commercial managers can; but he can offer promptness and an understanding of the writer's problems and point of view, and also conditions of work which will make their entrance into the theatre exciting and stimulating.

Then, too, the repertory system, which gives the actors a chance to practise their profession under reasonable conditions, can, also, be turned to the advantage of the writer. There are in every generation a number of plays which by their nature will appeal only to a minority, and for this kind of play (which may indeed be the advance guard of a new approach) our theatre at present makes no provision. A repertory of this kind, once it is established, can afford to introduce such a play, say only once a week, into its repertoire; and this, if such plays come along, Mr. Devine intends to do. Meanwhile, the start is to be made with two plays strongly contrasted; Mr. Angus Wilson's "The Mulberry Bush" in a version revised from that which made a considerable success last year at the Bristol Old Vic, and "The Crucible", which is by one of the leading playwrights of the younger generation in America, Arthur Miller. This was also first produced at the Bristol Old Vic and has made a great impression wherever it has been shown in Europe.

These two will be in the repertory for the first five weeks, starting with the Angus Wilson; and then two more plays will be introduced. Of the first of these, "Look Back in Anger", a new play by a quite new author Paul Osborne, the directors speak in the highest possible terms; they are confident they have made here a real discovery. The second is a double bill, two new plays by Ronald Duncan for which John Minton is to do the décor. (The problems of décor are always complicated in the case of a repertory which involves the keeping on hand and the storage of a number of sets. This problem Mr. Devine is solving by a new system which he wittily christens "essentialism"; the audience will be called on to use their imaginations.) Then after another month Mr. Nigel Dennis's "Cards of Identity" comes in. That is all that is so far announced, except that Miss Peggy Ashcroft has promised to appear in the autumn in Bertolt Brecht's "The Good Woman of Sezuan".

Such are the promising auspices under which this venture is to be launched. The English Stage Company has taken a long lease of the Royal Court Theatre. Generous patrons have amply guaranteed the venture. Mr. Devine (who is to be assisted by Mr. Tony Richardson) has got together a permanent company headed by Michael Gwynne, Rosalie Crutchley and Rachel Kempson, and this will be re-inforced as the need arises by guest players (Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, for instance, is appearing in the Angus Wilson play). Only two things remain for success. First to find an audience, and secondly to find the writers. By an audience I do not mean just an adventitious collection of customers. I mean a loyal body who are also prepared to take their share of the risk by patronising the theatre regularly and from the start. Playgoers complain often enough of the dearth of interesting new plays. Here is the chance for them to prove that they really want them. As for the writers, it is their chance too; and they are of prime importance. Unless they supply the plays, the venture in its original form is doomed. It will become inevitably simply another art theatre dealing primarily in translations of plays from the continent. That is far from Mr. Devine's intentions. He would like it to be the place where the William Golding's, the V.S. Pritchett's, the Henry Green's, the Kingsley Amis's and the Gwyn Thomas's are to be seen on the stage. But it is up to the writers.

T.C. WORSLEY

BALLET HYPNOSIS

The first matter to be decided in a new ballet is the subject or story. As with a play this synopsis is of paramount importance, for on it depends the balance and form of the work as a whole, and if it is ill-balanced there will always be a sense of incompleteness, however excellent the other components. A lack of balance is the basic fault of Kenneth Macmillan's "Noctambules", his first ballet for the Sadler's Wells company at Covent Garden. The pattern of the story is so lop-sided that all the drama comes at the beginning and none at the end. A hypnotist fails to make his hypnotised assistant knife herself. The audience protests strongly, at which the angry scoundrel proves himself by hypnotising the crowd. There then follows a long interlude of hypnotised dancing, at the end of which a faded beauty, for whom no sympathy has so far been aroused, is taken off and raped by the hypnotist. But this comes too late. By this time we do not care one way or the other, because the theme has lost its hold and the lady seems to have little intrinsic importance.

It is worth analysing the main fault of this ballet because there is a great deal that is interesting and brilliant in the material, and also because its choreographer is still developing. Having graded from the little to the big Sadler's Wells company, Mr. Macmillan is the one young English choreographer who appears to have musical sympathies. He chooses difficult scores for his ballets and, although not always able to compete successfully, yet marshalls his dancers with an attack and intelligence that is unique in his generation. His patterns and rhythms often rise from the music with the intimacy that only the great choreographers achieve.

•

The score of "Noctambules" is by Humphrey Searle. It is both intricate and bold, dramatic and scratchy: only when sad does it break into a booming kind of melody. This is quite suited to Mr. Macmillan's predilection, in which the pathetic characters are chiefly defined. If only the long pas de cinq and some of the crowd work were out, the musical tension might hold out to the end. It is the décor, by Nicholas Georgiadis, that has the most complete success. This artist is able to change the shape of the stage and to make those violent effects that can only be created in theatrical decor. So much of the present ballet scenery is a flat painting transferred on to the larger canvas of a backcloth. But here is a set that could never be conceived on a one dimensional plane. The exaggerated height and depth, the cunning and fierce colour and shape rouse a strange emotional response immediately the curtain rises on the sinister variety theatre, in which the hypnotist plays his fiasco.

For the dancers there are wonderful chances; but only Maryon Lane as the Assistant seems able to accommodate herself to the dream-like oddness of the theme, which she does with an effortless pathos. Leslie Edwards is far too soft and nice a Hypnotist. He quite misses the vicious and vindictive spirit necessary; he misses the supreme power that makes such a man inversely attractive. It is the same with Nadia Nerina as the Faded Beauty. Her face is blunt and her movements insensible, if accurate: she might just as well be dancing the Swan Princess.

ANNABEL FARJEON

DE STAËL

No artist should ever be written off as - I am ashamed to admit - I wrote off Terry Frost the other week. The ignorant organisations, the snobisme, the false influences, the self-deception that are behind numerous contemporary tendencies in art - these should be mercilessly attacked. But the artist himself should be given the benefit of that doubt which inevitably surrounds his future development. One must try to assess the products of his imagination; but in the present chaos of values an artist may for a while be painting pictures simply to feed his own imagination. Whilst he is doing this, his works will have little meaning for anybody else, and so as products, as presented works, they can be severely criticised; but as a stage in his progress as an artist they should be treated as charitably as possible. An artist arrives mysteriously even if his eventual gift for us is a simple one.

This confession is partly the result of the exhibition of de Staël's paintings at Tooths. De Staël, who died last year at the age of forty-one, made his reputation as an abstract painter, but from abstraction fought his way through to figurative works, such as the late ones now on show (1952-55). The splendour of these paintings does not justify abstraction and formalism in general. (A formalist work is one in which distortions are made purely for the sake of formal effect - not in order to emphasise an aspect of the truth; it is the equivalent of a poem in which sense has been sacrificed to sound.) The motives of social and psychological escapism, which I have previously analysed in detail, still remain the negative force behind the majority of such works today - the situation was different forty years ago. But what the de Staëls do prove is that a particular artist can turn a negative attitude to his own account and make it positive. Many people would agree that excessive egocentricity impoverishes much contemporary poetry, but this did not prevent Dylan Thomas, who began as one of the most egocentric of all, from achieving what he did.

The thirty canvasses at Tooths are all landscapes, seascapes or still lives. Their style derives from the previous abstract paintings and their impact is the result of their immense, latent energy. Works do not often take after their creator directly, but it is interesting to note that de Staël was a considerable athlete, and that these pictures exhilarate in the same way as the physical actions of a man whose training can make great effort appear nonchalant. Most of the canvasses are divided into two or three large areas of colour against which the "events" - the lighthouse, the cliff, the jars, the pears - are usually painted with bold block-like brush-marks, as if very confidently with a supple but too large house painter's brush. Frequently the contours consist of some colour already on the canvas underneath the main painting. How much de Staël planned this under-painting and how much he simply took advantage of it when it occurred, it is impossible to see. Certainly he actually painted, actually dragged his brush over the canvas, very quickly. Sometimes also the large area of colour creates the smaller object in front of it by leaving it blank; for example, a black knife on a large white cloth is the result of the cloth being .painted over a blackish background and a "hole" being left which becomes the dark shape of the knife.

In paint factories the paint at one stage is rolled out into thin, creamy, moving curtains of pigment. Imagine - fantastically - a conjuror playing with these curtains, drawing them together, cutting them into strips, making holes in them, turning them into a landscape whilst they are still flowing: that is how plastic some of these pictures appear. But it is not of course from this that their energy comes.

Their energy, far more profoundly, is the result of the sharpness and subtlety of their tonal and colour observation; despite their bigness of touch, some of these pictures remind one, without necessarily claiming comparison, of Corot and Chardin. De Staël could divide a small 9 in. canvas into blue sky and blue sea and differentiate them by only a minute degree of warmth or darkness, in such a way that the two strips pulsate right across a gallery until their two blues touch on the horizon and space becomes like breath from a closed mouth.

Yet even such accuracy is not the whole secret of the visual energy of these paintings. There is also the question of the "depth" of the colours. In the best of these canvasses the actual "density" of the colour suggests the density of what it represents: for instance, the dark blue strip of the distant sea in a picture of Dieppe harbour implies the ground swell fathoms beneath it, just as the pale warm blue strip of the sky suggests the air which is the sky: the difference between the two strips is the difference between the density of the two elements, air and water. Or, the ochre of the cork of a bottle becomes as light as cork, whilst the pink of the powder inside, although it remains a purely liquid piece of a paint-curtain, somehow suggests the granular composition of powder. These are the simplest marvels of painting, but they are marvels.

De Staël was also, in one sense at least, a considerable draughtsman. He understood - and this is the basis of drawing - how two-dimensional marks on the canvas create through their relationships the illusion of the third dimension. When he painted the black knife on the white cloth, he knew exactly where to heighten the white to prevent the knife merely looking like a flat knife-shaped tear. When he painted three pears on a shelf in front of a wall, he knew exactly how the amount by which each pear overlapped the straight line between the shelf and wall, would establish its relative position in depth.

He had severe limitations. His pictures are sometimes too big; his larger seascapes are often no more powerful than his 9 in. ones. He never went beyond notation to construction: which is to say that one can wonder at his pure painting within its shorthand limits, but one cannot wonder at the way any particular work appears to have exhausted the possibilities of what it set out to declare about its subject. But he did, alone and emphatically, re-establish, by example, the visual possibilities of what can happen when a brush, loaded with pigment, touches a canvas and magnetises it. From this painters of all categories can learn:

JOHN BERGER

THEY STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD

It is, on the whole, encouraging that the "TV personalities" whom the British public has chosen to build up into national heroes should be so markedly, in the strict sense of the word, eccentric. In their tastes and prejudices, and usually in appearance and manner, they seem to symbolise a revolt against the dull, smug, lowest-common-moron values implicit in the family serials and in too many other programmes on both television and sound-radio. Mr. Gilbert Harding, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Lady Barnett: there is not one of them who would fit into that curious category of the famous, "the "quiet ordinary person - you'd never look at him twice if you saw him in the street".

Lady Barnett is, perhaps, the least unconventional of the lot. Last week she described her musical taste as "middlebrow" and Stravinsky as "rather sticky". But even she has to an exceptional degree that strange, hard-to-define but easy-to-watch attribute of televisual *impact*: it's partly the timing of the words, the exquisitely calculated hesitations, partly the proud carriage of the head, the industrial-diamond sparkle of the eyes, partly the sense that beneath the skin-deep graciousness there is an adamantine will, a "bite", and the viewer had better behave himself, or else ... When Lady Barnett comes on the screen, one sits up a little straighter and adjusts one's tie. But I could look at her for hours on end. I still remember an unexpected afternoon occasion, months ago (one of those uncovenanted mercies) when she made of absorbing interest a subject that I had never before thought or heard of - the graduated reinforcement of bed-sheets.

When the BBC have so choice a property as this, they rightly use it a good deal, on what some people now call "the old steam radio" as well as on TV. Last week Lady Barnett was visible or audible at least three times; Monday was her busiest day, with "Look and Choose" in the afternoon (this must have been the bed-sheets programme) and "What's My Line?" in the evening. Sir Mortimer, too, whose solid scholarship is laced with a panache straight from Ouida, has a full BBC diary, what with the Home Service series on "Roman Britain" (Wednesdays at 7.30) and other frequent archaeological contributions and, of course, "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?".

But the old maestro, G. Harding, remains unique, in that he alone can get away with never pretending to be bright when he doesn't feel like it. No doubt because of its off-peak time (Tuesday afternoon at 4), there has been little publicity for the TV "column" he has been doing, solo; but it is a significant experiment. I have often urged that producers should not be afraid to leave competent talkers alone with the viewers, should not feel, as most of them seem to, that every face and voice must be restlessly varied by another face and voice every half-minute. This programme seems to be a first, tentative test of what I have in mind: Mr. Harding *is* left alone with the viewers, they are exposed without protective interpolations by soothing intermediaries to a full fifteen-minute blast from that powerful if erratic and disgruntled mind; and it is evident that he is genuinely rambling on, as he should, about his own life and views and feelings.

For one awful moment last week, indeed, we thought that he was going to turn cheery on us. "We're quite happy today," he said (the previous Tuesday having been "one of those days when everything goes wrong": one can hardly bear to conjecture what life must be like for those about Mr. H. on such days). But it was a false dawn. Soon he was off in pursuit of the louts who leave litter on the beach at Brighton, the "*cohorts* of khaki-clad cyclists" who will soon be pulling up bluebells, fox-hunters, autograph-hunters ("yahoos") who pester "celebrities, notorieties, or any other kind of phoney", and people who carve their initials on tombstones. There was an aside on the inadequacy of teachers' pay and a passage of sustained and informed gruesomeness on the subject of cruelty to performing fleas. The whole thing was a splendid explosion, and the visage and delivery were suitably morose: as Mr. Harding himself put it, he looks "more and more like a damp old badger".

It is sensible of sound-radio, too, to make full use of these TV stars. I hear generally favourable reactions to "Something to Say" (Home, Sunday, 9.15 p.m.), in which Mr. Harding and Mr. Betjeman are among the regulars. Its main defect is not the fault of those in it: it lies in their middle-class background and outlook. Most of their needs, most of their grievances, arise from this: too often the grievances sound like the petulance of the Poujadist *rentier* "robbed" by the Welfare State. A railwayman, a miner, or a waitress would be just as well qualified as these intellectual ladies and gents to discuss the sort of general human problem they often do discuss; and an occasional contrast in accents would make the programme sound more alive.

TOM DRIBERG

WHICH KIND OF HERO?

Warner Brothers are being honoured with a reminiscential season at South Bank stretching over many a week: their pride has lain in the gangsters, social conscience, and back-stage musical. The common factor, I suppose, has been a mixture of push and realism. Such, again, is the inspiration of their latest film to arrive at Warner's theatre, "One Man Mutiny".

This is the true-life story of Colonel Billy Mitchell, who fought almost single-handed for Air Force importance between the wars, and was court-martialled for bringing discredit on the Army after a trial lasting seven weeks. The military dead-heads found him guilty, but not before he had spilled all the beans he had meant to. America had been roused; he could go on spilling, though the diehard resistance grew harder than ever. But then it is the nature of generals - he came out of the first war as one - to prepare to lose the next war by the methods that won the last: all except one or two. Billy Mitchell, with his prophetic sense of air strength, was the great American exception. With old biplane crates he was dropping 2,000 pounders on an old battleship in 1921, and sinking her; he foresaw long-distance bombing, the attack on Pearl Harbour; he showed up scandals, and prepared the way for an overwhelming air arm; more than anyone with a magic grip on the facts he outlined the shape of things to come. The film shows us quite a slice of this struggle, in events leading up to the trial and the trial itself. It makes good drama, no considerable distortion has been introduced, no love affair thrown in (in fact, cut out), social conscience has been served and realism - up to a point - accepted; and yet - how much has been missed, how very much more lifelike and exciting it might have been!

Mr. Gary Cooper plays Billy Mitchell; plays him determinedly and well, with a tight rein on those eye-flutterings and hesitations that have so charmed in the past. But he gives an impression of dedicated restraint, whereas the real Billy Mitchell was a flamboyant figure, delighted with medals, wedded to the limelight, a party-goer, a headline-smacker, who - martyr or not - made news. Warner's, who have splashed themselves over gangster kings, tame this difficult hero. So also with the army and military cliques, and the trial. They were all, in fact, outrageously more coloured. The trial itself was tucked away in an old warehouse, but that did not prevent "Standing Only" notices outside or such a reporting as had never been given to any court-martial; Mitchell would swagger into court swinging a cane and addressing his judges by their Christian names; photographers' flashes, applause, laughter interrupted the proceedings; one of the presiding judges interjected "Damn rot" in the middle of a cross-examination, another frenziedly chewed rubber; General MacArthur, who was pro-Mitchell, never opened his mouth during the whole seven weeks; and the tedium of much of the evidence was balanced by the wild rhetoric of the prosecutor. Little of this extravagance finds its way on to celluloid.

It is always pleasant to see Mr. Cooper. He has weathered the charm school, the Civil War, and the Wild West like nobody else. And now he Comes to Washington again. But don't you detect the rub? What about that battering impossible hero - half-playboy, half-fanatic - of rearmament?

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THE END OF BI-PARTISANSHIP

Sir, - J.P.W. Mallalieu, in his light-hearted way, manages in one sentence to pay me an undeserved compliment, to perpetrate an undeserved slur on Alf Robens and to show total failure to understand a vitally important political issue. He writes that, though Mr. Robens' emphasis in his speech of February 27 (which incidentally put an end to the disastrous years of "bi-partisanship" in foreign policy) "was switched from action through private alliances and three power agreements to action through the United Nations, there was nothing to suggest that under Labour our foreign policy, and therefore our defence commitments, would be greatly altered". But the difference between "action through private alliances and three power agreements" and "action through the United Nations", is the whole issue in world affairs. It is the difference between working against the Soviet Union and with the Soviet Union. Robens pointed out why the H-bomb had made it necessary to abandon the assumptions, and reject the risks, of the balance of power in our relations with the Soviet Union. He also pointed out that Krushchev, in his speech to the 20th C.P.S.U. Congress, had said that the states, of very varying social structure, which made it a cardinal principle of their foreign policy not to adhere to either bloc, constituted a great force for peace.

Robens went on "Does this mean... that, in the light of this new development of Soviet foreign policy, there is the possibility of finding some common ground between the two camps? These uncommitted states which refuse to join either bloc are members of the United Nations. They want their relations with each other and with both East and West to be based upon the Charter of the United Nations, so that the West and Russia meet the uncommitted states and each other on this common ground. It may well be that we could work out solutions for Europe, the Middle East and the Far East by implementing the obligations and institutions of the United Nations. If that were the case, the United Nations could then become the paramount reality in world affairs, the cardinal fact and the highest common factor in the foreign policy of every country".

Does Mr. Mallalieu really see nothing in all this to suggest that under Labour our foreign policy and defence commitments would be different?

K. ZILLIACUS

PRISONERS' PETITIONS

Sir, - I was glad to see Mr. R.M. Jackson's letter about my references to Home Office delay in dealing with prisoners petitions; not so much because "all petitions are registered when they arrive" (by the way, do they all arrive?) as because of his assurance that the Home Office "go into every case very thoroughly ... so that the Royal Prerogative can be exercised if that course is shown to be justified or the case can be referred to the Court of Criminal Appeal".

I share Mr. Jackson's respect (in my case it amounts almost to affection) for a lot of the civil servants at the Home Office, and whenever I renew acquaintance with one I come away feeling that I really must try harder to be scrupulously fair. But when I wrote the article of February 4 I had in front of me a Home Office letter apologising to an ex-prisoner for a delay of eight months in answering his petition; and although that was the worst, it was far from being the only case of seemingly inordinate delay that has come within my limited notice. The Home Office, it is true, has this week informed one man, long out of prison, who has been maintaining for years that he was wrongly convicted and refused leave to appeal, that his case has now been referred to the Court of Criminal Appeal for rehearing under section 19(a) of the Criminal Appeal Act, 1907. But during his three-and-a-half years in prison he petitioned the Home Office eight times. I would agree that it's high time that Whitehall was allowed to forget the names of Adolf Beck and Oscar Slater, but is there really nothing wrong today? I promise to go on enquiring.

C.H. ROLPH

POPOV AND MARCONI

Sir, - With reference to your remark that in the Soviet Union "people had not heard of Marconi and were really convinced that wireless had been invented by a Russian", the scientific institutions of Leningrad have recently discovered some documents which throw new light on this matter.

The documents were discovered by the senior research scientist of the Central Naval State Archives, L.A. Gusarova, and were published on the occasion of the recent commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the death of A.S. Popov, the Russian discoverer of radio. These documents provide for the first time historical substantiation of the fact that A.S. Popov had a meeting with Marconi, in the course of which Popov showed Marconi the first radio receiver in the world.

Among them is a letter dated May 7, 1925 addressed by the then Naval Attaché at the Italian Embassy in Moscow, Captain Miraglia, to the Commander-in-Chief of the naval forces of the USSR. It says in part: "Presenting my compliments to the Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet naval forces and joining in the tribute of respect which the Red Fleet is to-day paying to the memory of the great Russian scientist A.S. Popov, I have the honour to recall that 23 years ago the Italian warship, cruiser Carlo Alberto, visited the port of Kronstadt with Guglielmo Marconi on board...., Professor Popov who was already well known in the scientific world honoured the Italian warship with a visit and demonstrated to Admiral Mirabello, G. Marconi and Marquis Solari a special receiver of atmospheric discharges that he had invented..."

There has also been brought to light a report dated July 18, 1902 submitted by Vice-Admiral S.O. Makarov to the manager of the Naval Ministry asking for assistance to be given to A.S. Popov in his work on wireless telegraphy. It says in part: "When the Italian cruiser Carlo Alberto weighed anchor in the Kronstadt roadstead I made acquaintance with Signor Marconi who is considered in Europe to be the inventor of the wireless telegraph. Actually the inventor of wireless telegraph is A.S. Popov, former instructor of the officers' mining class, because long before Marconi's invention was made public, he demonstrated experiments in wireless telegraphy at the sessions of the mining class - the fact that he is the inventor was acknowledged and he was awarded a prize for his invention. Marconi conducted his first experiments with extremely imperfect instruments and I personally saw a large metal basket suspended in Dover intended to receive cables, whereas A.S. Popov used a single wire for the purpose right from the outset..."

Hotel Savoy,
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

SAM RUSSELL

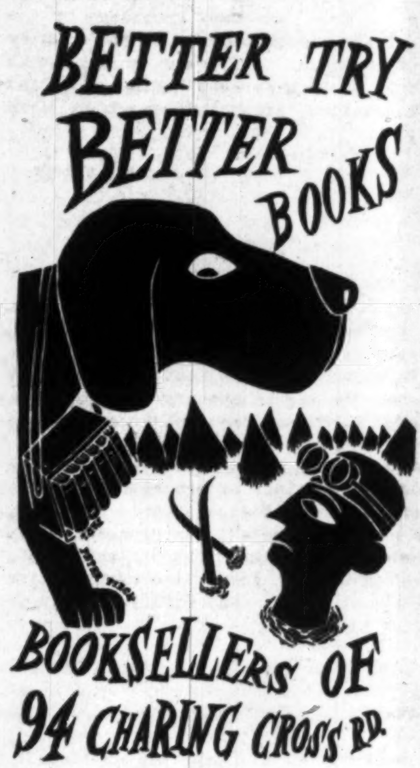
KIDS' COUNTRY

Sir, - William Salter's article "Kids' Country" left me vaguely apprehensive and with the suspicion that the ghastly child-life he describes in America today could be our own future lot. Perhaps that explains my comparative lack of horror at the picture of "Soviet morality" which one of your correspondents draws in the same issue. I agree with the latter that "social engineering can be a menace", especially when "there is no guarantee that "Big Brother's objectives will always be benevolent". God forbid that I should ever have to make such an obnoxious choice; but as a poor simple woman I should prefer to have my young daughter, at some future date, successfully persuading the man of her choice that drunkenness and vulgarity were not enhancing his chams, rather than have her writing neurotic letters to the "Auntie Evelyn" column because the girl next door was getting more flowers and dates with the Babbitt Juniors than she was.

15 Eccleston Avenue,
Branborough, Cheshire.

M. LEECE

Sir, - William Salter's article ("Kids' Country") seems to suggest that he finds the attitudes of American teenagers rather shocking. Having explained that the press carries advice columns on the emotional problems of adolescent readers, Mr. Salter goes on: "What is especially interesting



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are the assumptions advisers and advisees alike take for granted." What are these assumptions? Simply that boys and girls of between thirteen and nineteen might be expected to show some interest in one another. A thirteen-year-old girl worrying about how to gain a place in the junior hockey eleven seems to me slightly more ridiculous than the same girl wondering how to hold her boy friend. Does it really matter that American girls learn their coquetry a little early - or would we rather they never learnt it at all? Perhaps English girls will make better members of the Anti-Sex League, when it is formed, than their American cousins.

54 Flower Lane, N.W.7. KEN TAYLOR

INTERNATIONAL PRESS INSTITUTE

Sir, - I have just seen in your issue of January 21 Mr. Francis Williams' "Fleet Street Notebook" which was devoted to the International Press Institute. While I very much appreciate the kind things Mr. Williams says about I.P.I. generally and about its latest survey "Government Pressures on the Press", I must correct the false impression he gives of the part played by American editors and by American foundations in the first years of the Institute.

Mr. Williams correctly states that the Institute was financed in the first place by grants from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, but he goes on to say that "because of other American pressures it seemed in danger of becoming simply another instrument of the cold war".

As one of the founders of I.P.I., I can say that there has never been any pressure, ideological or otherwise, from our American members. The idea of the Institute came from the United States where editors have for many years organised themselves to improve professional standards and defend their freedom. It was through the generosity of American editors and of the Foundations that we were able to found the Institute, but our policy has all along been made by an executive board composed of editors from fifteen countries including the U.S. Moreover, the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations have never attached any conditions whatever to their grants.

Mr. Williams also says the Institute tried originally to persuade editors throughout the world to follow American models. In fact, I.P.I. has chosen no particular press as a model, but only the best practice wherever it is to be found. For example, through its research into the flow and presentation of the news, it has all along tried to show that foreign news needs more explanation if it is to be intelligible and if it is to be read. This, surely, is a principle to which good editors subscribe in whatever free country they work.

"Helsingin Sanomat", ELJAS ERKKO
Helsinki.

REFUGEES FROM COMMUNISM

Sir, - Reading "London Diary" this week, I again find it suggested in the first paragraph that all east European exiles were in possession of "former positions, lands and privileges" and it seems to me that you ought to know better, even if the Daily Worker doesn't.

The whole justification for any protest of ours will be precisely that we are ordinary people who were not allowed to continue living ordinary lives - I know that exiles won't mind me saying "we" although I was only the British-born wife of a Czech, because I did learn their language and take a full part in their life and therefore became an exile. Believe me, there are very, very few exiles with any former privileges, lands or anything else. We were all working and professional people trying to live decently and serve our fellows. In fact, as you yourself must know, the proportion of Social Democrats among the exiles - certainly in the case of Czechoslovakia - is very high indeed - I was myself a member of the Social-Democratic party in Czechoslovakia and still have my membership card.

Goodness knows, it is bad enough that there are plenty of dim-wits around who call any liberal-minded person a Communist; have we now got to the stage when you accept the lie that all refugees from Communist states are former landowners and privileged tyrants? The meeting of exiles to protest against the visit of the Russian leaders, it seems to me, ought to be held if only to show its predominantly working-class character - from my own knowledge of the exiles I imagine most of the trade unions in the country will be represented. The biggest difficulty will be that most of us will be too busy working for our living to attend the meeting, precisely because we are not the sort who down tools to go to meetings.

9 Castello Avenue, VERA KASPER
S.W.15.

BUDDHA AND ST. JOSAPHAT

Sir, - "The life of the Buddha", your reviewer says, "is a compound of fact and legend". The strangest of the Indian mystic's avatars is, to my mind, his canonization by the Roman church. This is how the legend appears to have developed. Early in the seventh century there circulated among the faithful a pious romance entitled "Barlaam and Josaphat", which was attributed in the next century to St. John of Damascus. In this curious piece of propaganda, Buddha (who in the course of time became Bodisat, then Josaphat, and finally "Holy St. Josaphat of India") is represented as a Hindu prince converted to Christianity by Barlaam. He was declared a saint by Sixtus V in 1589; the canonization was approved by Pius IX in 1873; and his feast-day is November 14.

21 East Avenue, HAROLD BINNS
Bournemouth.

BALLOONS

Sir, - Is Mr. Peebles' letter relevant? Surely not. If "Peace Balloons" launched in November 1948 had been large enough, heavy enough, or equipped with explosive devices powerful enough, to cause injury when defective, then it would no doubt have been wrong to launch them. But Mr. Peebles does not say they were, nor does his quoted source say they were; and of course they were not. They were, as a matter of fact, penny balloons (sold, I think, at sixpence); and 400 of them were bought and released by the crowd at a Daily Worker rally to drift above Trafalgar Square. The "load" of each was a small rectangular luggage label.

IVOR MONTAGU

OUR READERS!

Sir, - I was interested to read Mr. P.J. Lawrence's claim in a recent issue to have read the "New Statesman" in more towns than anybody else.

I have read the "New Statesman" for 25 years all over the world and I never bought a copy. As a former political refugee from Germany, and later as an American soldier, I covered a lot of territory. For the last 17 years a loyal girl-friend mails the "New Statesman" to me. During the war, she sent her copy (purchased) to her husband, who was with a tank-outfit in Europe, and he mailed it then to me in India. I gave my copies to the bright students of an Upper Assam high school, who were often aboriginals, Nagas or Milis;

Sloatsburg, N.Y. WERNER SCHMIDT-MILLER

"UNCULTURE"

Sir, - May I point out a misprint in my letter on Soviet Morality published in your issue of March 10? In line 10 of paragraph four, the phrase "exercise 'unculture'" should have read "exorcise 'unculture'".

REX BROWN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

REDBRICK AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

"Manchester", wrote Disraeli, "is as great a human exploit as Athens". I borrow this absurd quotation from Mr. Alasdair MacIntyre, who has contributed one of the most notable essays to the February issue of "The Twentieth Century" - devoted to "Redbrick Universities".* After dealing, in earlier numbers, with Oxford and Cambridge, the editor found himself in something of a difficulty. He wanted to give a chance to our other Universities. But under what single name - or, for that matter, what single concept - could they be classed? "Provincial" scarcely fits London better than "Modern" suits St.Andrews or "Redbrick" the pseudo-Gothic towers of Bristol.

Judged by the eight articles he has collected, he was right to settle for Redbrick - with its undertones of apologetic modernity. Manchester may be as great a human exploit as Athens, but the élite of Manchester Grammar School do not think so. Like their counterparts in Lille or Lyons, they desert it at the first opportunity and migrate to the metropolis. For Britain and France are both countries not only of centralised government but also of centralised culture. Whereas Paris, however, is the French capital in every respect, London remains a province of our academic world which is still ruled from the twin metropolis of Oxbridge. The curriculum of every primary school, the dogma of every sermon or political speech, the tone of every newspaper can be traced back to the work of the academic oligarchs in the old universities and of the proconsuls they send out to administer the provinces.

No wonder that the one common characteristic of these eight articles is the admission - whether approving or disapproving - that Oxford and Cambridge are our only real Universities and that all the others are poor provincial imitations. "In their early days," writes the Principal of King's College, London, "it cannot be denied that in all the 'redbrick' colleges there was a definite bias in favour of Science and in particular Applied Science." Observe the disapproval implicit in that "it cannot be denied."

Not all the contributors, thank heavens, exude this humanist snobbery. But even those who resent it, admit that nostalgia for Oxbridge remains the all-pervasive atmosphere of Redbrick. Mr. MacIntyre describes:

> "the immaculately attired young men on the teaching staff whose accents and umbrellas alike proclaim what they have lost. After one has heard from them a dozen times how grossly inferior Manchester or Sheffield or Leeds is to Oxford or Cambridge one begins to weary of a nostalgia which is as inordinate as that of Ovid's Black Sea exile, but lacks all his elegiac charm."

Mr. MacIntyre believes that it is a disaster to "replace glorified technical colleges by rather inglorious imitations of Oxbridge". The Redbrick Universities, he observes,

> "have been academically serious precisely because they have tied themselves so uncompromisingly to the conception of specialist honours schools which train a man to a trade as uncompromisingly as does an apprenticeship in an engineering works."

Here is a convinced enemy of Oxbridge who wants the provincial and challenges the humanities of the old universities with a rival, dissenting conception of culture. What that rivalry should be he illustrates by reference to the mutual loathing which D.H. Lawrence and the Bloomsbury set felt for each other. "In this encounter," he remarks, "Lawrence spoke for the provinces". And then Mr. MacIntyre's courage fails him and he adds plaintively "Indeed, his was the last clear provincial voice that has been heard".

Only Mr. Arnold Kettle from Leeds and Miss Mary Scrutton from Newcastle-upon-Tyne avoid this defeatist tone. Mr. Kettle points out that the victory of Oxbridge over Redbrick has been secured by the Oxford and Cambridge open scholarships, which compel every grammar school to accept the Oxbridge conception of culture and cram it into the minds of their sixth-form boys and girls. This is well said. Not only Greek (which I should miss) would disappear if those open scholarships were reformed. With it would go the insensitivity to the English language, and the bland ignorance of world history and of scientific method which are still the hallmark of the "well balanced mind", as exemplified in any Times leading article.

Miss Scrutton is another rebel against Oxbridge - or, to be precise, against the Oxford School of Philosophy and the kind of intelligentsia it breeds. "Oxford," she writes,

> "aims at perfection in scholarship, and quite right too. But as perfection does not exist, the great way of pursuing it is to point out imperfections in other people's work. So the undergraduate learns to patronize his set books, distrust his authorities and improve on his tutor, and this is all very essential for him. By the time he starts on research he is quite good at it, and can soon write little articles pointing out where other people have gone wrong. He forms part of a whole system of mincing machines through which any new work must expect to be put, and as Oxford is so sociable, there is no chance for a prospective author of forgetting for a moment how the mincing machines works. Before he can develop an idea, he has begun to think of answers to the criticisms that will be made of it."

Like Miss Scrutton, I was a product of this environment, and I accept her self-criticism. That is just what it did to us. The academic standards (which, as we are so often reminded, must at all costs be maintained) are standards of scholastic criticism, which destroy any but the strongest creative minds. The few who survive it become angry rebels, like Miss Scrutton or Mr. Kettle. They are written off as "unbalanced minds" and condemned to brood in provincial impotence over the reforms they would carry out - if they were not exiled from the seats of academic power.

In recent months technology has suddenly become a fashionable word. Whitehall and Oxbridge have taken a tardy look at the achievements of Soviet industry and the word has gone forth "Super-priority for Institutes of Technology and Technical Highschools". What our academic oligarchs fail to realise is that applied scientists cannot thrive by decree in a society which values learning in inverse proportion to its utility. Inspired by Matthew Arnold and led by T.H. Green, Oxbridge repulsed the utilitarian attack; and imposed, first on our public schools and then on our state secondary schools, a platonic scale of values. An Englishman with a well-trained mind regards any science as morally inferior which is concerned with the production of material goods. He believes like Plato that higher education (the education of the elite for responsibility) must elevate the mind by pure disciplines whose virtue lies precisely in their timeless abstraction form mundane reality. To suggest that a piece of research should be useful is to prove yourself unworthy of a research fellowship. Of course an educational system of this kind has its merits. It produced one aspect of the good society, political discipline, an incorruptible judiciary and a public-spirited civil service. But it stifles individual initiative, the popular arts and the applied sciences. For it treats all these as socially and morally inferior activities which, if permitted to flourish freely will subvert the static social order.

I am grateful to the editor of the "Twentieth Century". By reminding us how completely the old universities have subdued the utilitarian challenge of Redbrick, he has revealed why Britain, like France, is fast losing its social dynamic. The American and Russian civilisations are both dominated by material values, and have a frankly pragmatic attitude to education. Our static culture is preserved by an inbred academic élite, who hold, like Plato, that the new is the enemy of the good and the useful the opposite of the true. What British education needs today is the kind of critique which Jeremy Bentham applied to the judicial system. By applying his famous principle of Utility, he showed that this socially useless institution was preserved in the interests of "Judge & Co". A latter-day Utilitarian, investigating our universities, might reach a not dissimilar result.

R.H.S. CROSSMAN

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* Twentieth Century: February 1956. 2s.

LOVE' S WINTER

Say we lived in a glass dream, lass,
Harvesting golden reflections of summer.
Sigh starred pavements flowered in the afternoon
Till the evening sun played ducks and drakes alone
Across the pond where swans still moon
Like melting snow. Larks all lose height. Lives pass
From the known to the unknown.

Say we lived in love's glass dream
Until that evening the sky fell
Down on the plains and day and night changed round:
Our mirror dissolved into a clawing shell
And out we walked, over clouds crisp underfoot,
At last the ghosts we were, once drowned
Grief wore her black mask under the glass stream.

J.F. HENDRY

A VERGA STORY

"God Protect Me From My Friends." By Gavin Maxwell. Longmans. 18s.

When the bandit Salvatore Giuliano was killed in Sicily in 1950 he had terrorised the police, made fools of the soldiery and implicated the authorities, from the lowest to the highest in Italy and his own country, for seven years. He had started out as a respectable and minor black marketeer in his native locality near Palermo, but the ill-luck of losing his nerve and shooting a policeman at a check point, sent him on the run. At first his simple peasant ambition was to lie low until he got himself cleared by the traditional political formulae, but the war offered its greater and more cynical opportunities for rehabilitation: there was the movement for Sicilian Independence fomented by the Allies; later there was official and then free-lance anti-communism; there was the disaster of the McCarran Act which suggested to him the ingenious and poetical notion that Chicago and Sicily should be united once more, and the island annexed to the United States. It was, in a mad way, one of the serious if minor economic movements of the post-war period in the Mediterranean. There was a difficulty now in distinguishing Giuliano, the killer of police and their spies, the racketeer drawing his fees for "protection", the Robin Hood who robbed the rich to give to the poor, the resistance leader and the traditional Sicilian bandit of romance and the common criminal of the underworld. A story from Verga was suitably set to the caterwauling music of the "advanced" societies, and the Italians themselves instinctively supplied a gaudy and devious orchestration of their own. As far as the world's press and the Italians are concerned, that story ended when the last camera-man hired the last old lady in Castelvetrano to pose as Giuliano's mother licking her son's blood from the dust in the courtyard where the police had left his body. For the Sicilians the story has not ended. To begin with, most of what has been written about Giuliano is dubious or false; even when police lies, foreign error and Sicilian fact have been separated one is left with a native myth in the making.

So Mr. Gavin Maxwell's book is the microscopic study of the birth of a contemporary legend. He has done an excellent anthropological job. He writes very well indeed. He relates Giuliano to Sicilian history and habits, with feeling and subtlety, in the first place; and then questions, often with startling results, every knowable instant of his career and dispassionately establishes his character. Illusion after illusion, each one more complex and teasing than its predecessor, is reduced, and Mr. Maxwell proceeds down the incredible labyrinth of Italian intrigue with an intelligence and dour independence which take the breath. In doing this, he draws a really intimate picture of Sicilian life. I rather regret a "mad" chapter towards the end where he tries to show what it feels like to be driven nearly out of one's mind by the diet of lies, fables and mysteries.

The mystery begins with the dead body. The centuries have taught the Sicilians not to believe or admit to believing everything they see with their own eyes. Certainly never when the Italian police are concerned in the sight. The body was Giuliano's - his mother, the sacred and infallible Sicilian figure, recognised it. There were bullet holes in it. Everyone heard the fusillade in the night. That did not prove he was shot dead. It did not prove the official story that he was shot by the police. Because he lay in the Castelvetrano, that did not prove he was necessarily shot there. There was a huge bloodstain on his shirt over the chest. But there was no wound in the chest; the bullet holes were at the side. Since when does blood flow upwards? Why did his mother scream out: "He has been betrayed"? That was simple to answer. In Sicily one need never be taken by the Italian police. Would any live bandit from Palermo be such a fool as to go out of his own territory into Castelvetrano? No - only a dead bandit. So he was killed, poisoned probably - for the habits of the Renaissance survive - on his own ground. The police claim rose, then, out of political policy and *amour propre*; but why, at the next stage, did Giuliano's closest friend and most loyal lieutenant, accuse himself of the murder? He was on trial for the "massacre" of Communists at Portella della Ginestra, a Roman political trial; was he working his passage home? If so, the manoeuvre did not succeed. And why did he die of poisoning in prison?

Mr. Maxwell dissolves the rumours, examines the astonishing political intrigues in Rome and finds his way, inch by inch, to one important sociological fact. Giuliano's career could not, of course, have persisted outside the network of the world's oldest insurance company and most ancient resistance movement: the *mafia*. But, like all European institutions, the *mafia* was split by the 1914 war, into the *mafiosi* who were too old to fight, and the young who came back from the massacre and formed an aggressive cell of their own within the movement. Since he was a young man, Giuliano's friends were young *mafiosi*. They were obstreperous. At the height of his heady enterprise - conducted mostly from wretched caves and mountain warrens - Giuliano almost certainly made the mistake of disobeying the old. Sanctions in secret societies are instant. Who, then, was the betrayer? Mr. Maxwell says he thinks he knows. Sicilians in London, and no doubt everywhere else in the world, tell one they know too. They probably do. And so a bewildered and personable young peasant, limited, handsome, vain, who would probably have joined the Chicago underworld if only he could have persuaded President Truman to let him, and who was, in any case, a victim of post-war anarchy and the misery of Sicilian life, drops out of the headlines. He drops out of romance, out of international pornography - he was falsely said to have a harem of women: that Nordic fantasy! - out of history, into the folklore of an ancient people who are deeply shocked and amised by our innocent belief that truth is ever desirable for its own sake.

V.S. PRITCHETT

BILL SLIM

"Defeat Into Victory". By Field-Marshal Sir William Slim. Cassell. 25s.

During the monsoons of waiting before victory in Burma, one of the things that came out East was ABCA. This meant lectures on Current Affairs, debates, and general knowledge periods - all of which the soldiers loathed. At one of the general knowledge sessions a subaltern asked:

> "'Our General, General Festing, is what is known as an Old Wykehamist. Can any of you tell me what that means?'
>
> The thirty-odd Liverpool Irish scratched their bottoms and picked their noses in gloomy silence. Then one of them muttered that he thought he knew.
>
> 'What we call barbary, sir.'"

Barbary, mettlesome, tough, cheerful - the Burma Generals were a very interesting bunch. Vinegar Joe Stilwell, obstinate and quite incredibly rude; Wingate with his big beard and Victorian topi, carrying the trick of dumb insolence into high-ups' conferences; Messervy fighting in his own H.Q. in pyjamas; and (here Field-Marshal Slim is describing a visit to Mandalay during its recapture) Rees:

"Through all this noise and the clatter of men clearing

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> a battlefield, came a strange sound - singing. I followed it. There was General Rees, his uniform sweat-soaked and dirty, his distinguishing red scarf rumpled round his neck, his bush hat at a jaunty angle, his arm beating time, surrounded by a group of Assamese soldiers whom he was vigorously leading in the singing of Welsh missionary hymns. The fact that he sang in Welsh and they sang in Khasi only added to the harmony. I looked on admiringly. My generals had character. The men knew them and they knew the men."

In fact the men are not always very sure of the names of their own generals or brigadiers: but the men of the Fourteenth Army knew Bill Slim in the same way that *his* men knew Sir John Moore. He commanded the Burma Corps that fought its way out of Burma in '42 and he commanded practically the whole force which won Burma back in '44 and '45. But in between those dates there were some queer goings-on in high places; and it is a great pity this book does no more than hint at them. The Field-Marshal is too kind all round. He only lets himself go, and is immediately very interesting, on two men who are dead: Stilwell and Wingate. He understood Stilwell better than most senior British (and all American Air Force) officers, and his appraisal of how Stilwell kept the Chinese in action on the Northern Front is enough to answer the sneer about "merely a goodish Divisional Commander."

Of Wingate (whose insubordination was intolerable): "I was convinced - and nothing I saw subsequently caused me to change my mind - that a battle-tried, experienced, well-knit British Division, like the 70th, would have more effect against the Japanese than a special force of twice its size." It is time that was said. The first Wingate expedition lost a thousand men, a third of its total force, and the military damage it did was negligible. But it had, as Field-Marshal Slim pointed out, a heartening psychological effect: up and down India the troops still training for a war realised that the Japs could be beaten at their own game and (perhaps more important still) the papers from home were full of it. But the second Chindit expedition, with this fine division chopped up into columns, simply underlined the lessons of the first: that formations of this type cannot fight a big battle or a sustained one, casualties are too high, and they come too fast.

"Defeat Into Victory" starts with Slim being called from command of a division in Iraq to take over the two divisions of Burma Corps at the beginning of a hopeless defeat; it ends 550 pages and three years later with a very considerable victory of which - there is no possible doubt - he was the very centre. He describes the various stages of the campaigns on the three main Burma fronts in detail: the first withdrawal and the Imphal fighting and the break through to Rangoon in considerable detail. He is ungenerous to himself, blaming himself for his mistakes (such as delaying the withdrawal of 4 Corps to Imphal when the Japanese crossed the Chindwin) and playing down his successes. The most dramatic of these, of course, was the way the Fourteenth Army crossed the Irrawaddy. To oppose a river crossing, even by two corps, was the kind of thing the Japanese could do supremely well. And General Kimura was confident he was going to. But a brilliantly conceived and executed deception plan made him completely misplace the entire British 4 Corps, concentrate in the wrong place - and lose the whole campaign.

The "War Diary" kind of narrative of this book makes it unnecessarily heavy going. When Slim unbends to put in some asides or makes a rare comment on a personality all the liveliness of his own character comes out. It is interesting to discover that not until after the battle was won did he visit England. "My leave was granted perhaps the more readily because, outside a narrow military circle, I was quite unknown to the authorities in England. I had never met the Prime Minister..." He also repeats the wry crack that went up and down Burma when General Sir Oliver Leese came over to command Allied Land Forces, South East Asia, from commanding the Eighth Army, bringing with him expert young staff officers "with sand in their boots".

The last chapter of the book is called "Afterthoughts"; and putting aside the interest of reading about old battles, old discomforts and strange places, it is surely sixteen pages of summing-up and lessons learned for the future that make it the best part of all: make it really valuable. One can see why a well-known general should recently describe Slim as the best C.I.G.S. of the century. He talks of a possible nuclear war of the future which would, with its disruption of bases and communications, force armies to disperse.

> "Dispersed fighting, whether the dispersal is caused by the terrain, the lack of supplies, or by the weapons of the enemy, will have two main requirements - skilled and determined junior leaders and self-reliant, physically hard, well-disciplined troops...prepared to do without regular communications. Unseen, unheard, and unsuspected, they will converge on the enemy and, when they do reveal themselves in strength, they will be so close to him that he will be unable to atomise them without destroying himself ...and stalking terrorists in a Malayan jungle is today, strange as it may seem, the best training for nuclear warfare."

There are twenty-one maps, adequate only. There is no order of battle, which is a pity. There is one photograph. But it is the right one: with his bush hat cocked over his right eye, his chin out - Bill Slim.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

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"The formula which most explains the position of the Church of England is that it rests on an appeal to sound learning". One could wish for no better practical illustration of Creighton's dictum than Professor Sykes's new volume of lectures. His book is sub-titled "The Anglican Attitude to episcopacy, presbyterianism and papacy since the Reformation"; it traces the development of Anglican thought on the subject through Hooker and the Caroline divines down to the Lambeth Conference of 1948. In passing, we touch on a variety of ancillary matters - Archbishop Wake's attempt at an *eirenicon* with the Gallicans, the Bangorian controversy, the Jerusalem Bishopric, *Tract XC* and, inevitably, the Church of South India. Professor Sykes concludes that "the Church of England has nowhere formulated any theoretical or theological doctrine of episcopacy; but has contented itself with the assertion of the historical grounds for the continuance of the threefold ministry of the church since the apostolic age" - a typically English way out of a theological difficulty.

At the Reformation the sacred regiment of bishops was naturally a sitting target for criticism. To the Reformers generally a bishop, far from being a shepherd of souls, was all too often "a great lord, that went in a white rochet with a wide shaven crown, and that carried an oil box with him, wherewith he used once in seven years, riding about, to confirm children" - a monster of guzzle and arrogance, the type of prelate that Sartre drew so brilliantly in "Le Diable et le Bon Dieu". In England, men were weaned from their prejudices by the architects of the Elizabethan Settlement - Whitgift, Grindal, Jewel. When Calvin pressed Archbishop Parker "to prevail with Her Majesty to summon a General Assembly of all the Protestant clergy", the Privy Council, in its best high Tudor style, instructed the Archbishop

> "to thank Calvin and let him know that they liked his proposals ... Yet as to the Government of the Church, to signify to him that the Church of England would still retain her Episcopacy, but not as from Pope Gregory, but from Joseph of Arimathea ..."

In Scotland, things went differently; the bishops fell before the onslaught of the "episcopomasticoi", headed by that fire-eating champion of presbytery, Andrew Melville.

As Professor Sykes shows, the merit of the Anglican position was its flexibility. The English divines, "whilst defending their own tradition of episcopacy, had carefully and pointedly refrained from claiming for it an exclusive

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SECKER & WARBURG

"scriptural prescription". This happy *via media* lasted until the rise of the Tractarian movement in the early 1830s. While selectively rummaging among the seventeenth-century doctors to buttress their arguments, Newman, Pusey and their associates showed themselves less wise and large-hearted than their sixteenth and seventeenth-century predecessors. Hooker's concern with "the whole church visible", his sense of the need to avoid offending foreign brethren in Geneva, Germany and the Low Countries, gave place to Newman's febrile self-assurance that episcopal ordination "marks us, *exclusively*, for God's ambassadors". Professor Sykes bears down heavily upon the anti-historical excesses of much recent Anglo-Catholic teaching on episcopacy, linking it with Cardinal Manning's cynical pronouncement on papal infallibility, that "the dogma must conquer history". Here, as so often in Anglo-Catholicism's brief life, a misplaced theological zeal has outrun charity, learning and discretion.

JOHN RAYMOND

NEW NOVELS

"Retreat to Innocence." By Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph 15s.
"The General." By Karlludwig Opitz. Muller. 10s.6d.
"No Trophies Raise." By Mervyn Wall. Methuen. 12s.6d.
"Cash McCall." By Cameron Hawley. Hammond. 16s.

A love affair between an intellectually inclined debutante and a middle-aged man of letters is a sure-fire subject for a novel, one that makes for compulsive readability - especially among middle-aged men of letters. I am surprised that it is not used more often; the only more or less recent example I can remember at the moment is Aldous Huxley's novelette "After the Fireworks". In "Retreat to Innocence" Mrs. Lessing, who is shaping very nicely with each book into a solid novelist whose work demands to be considered seriously, has made nice if characteristically didactic use of the situation to point the contrast between the a-political generation of the Fifties and the anti-fascists of the Thirties. Julia Ban, daughter of a rich dashing business man, on the rebound from a young person named Roger, meets Jan Brod, an exiled but still fellow-travelling Czech-Jewish writer, in a coffee bar. Their love affair gets under way gradually and very naturally. The sexual side of it is not described in much detail but you feel it quite strongly by implication; there are several absolutely correct touches: the peculiar fascination which the middle-aged man's gentle casualness has for the young girl; the sudden pangs with which she remembers now and then the difference between their ages. Having established her protagonists and made an impressively round character of Brod, with his mixture of independent spiritedness and futilitarianism and his complicated polygamous relations with women, Mrs. Lessing gets to work on her ideological conflict between the generations. In the second half of the book Brod's attitude towards the regime in his own country rather overshadows the love affair. In the end he goes back (some lip-service is paid to Stalin but any communist sentiments expressed seem in line with the new collectivist look) and Julia marries Roger. It is not easy to fault Mrs. Lessing; perhaps her book does go on a bit too long in proportion to the amount of action it contains, and her style may not yet have fully assimilated her own natural clarity of mind. There is also a certain - conventional-seeming, to me, at any rate - lady-novelist's sensitivity; but she has succeeded on the whole quite admirably.

The moral of "The General" I take to be: "For God's sake don't give the Germans even a pen-knife". You have to wait until the very end to find it, and it is all the stronger for having been wrapped up in a personally sympathetic approach. The story is told by the general's batman and driver, a cunning lower-middle-class intellectual *picaro* who has strong affinities with Mr. Amis's characters; he "fiddles" his way divertingly enough, giving off a strong acrid whiff of spiritual sauerkraut and going to bed with the general's daughter. The general is a divisional commander in Normandy at the time of the allied invasion. He is shown as an expert soldier let down by Nazi irresponsibility; individually he is crustily eccentric, by no means a total monster, even at times likeable. The book ends in Germany after the war with his going mad and dying of a stroke, but not before he and some of the local Black Forest worthies have expressed their determination to have another go. It is quite short, deftly written in a laconic elided style very easy to read in Constantine FitzGibbon's translation; if only somebody would pay some attention to it!

Mervyn Wall is one of those present-day Irish fantasticals who seem at any moment to be about to explode in a coruscation of fireworks; but though the talent and promise are unmistakably there the display does not quite come off. (Do they still dissipate too much in talk? Should they perhaps be sealed and corked at all orifices except the pen?) "No Trophies Raise" is a satirical caper about a jumped-up Dublin pig-food merchant, his scapegrace son, and a convention of international metaphysicians held in the town of Killarney. Most of it is ingenious and some of it is funny. Irish philistinism and the new Irish bourgeoisie take another knock, but the picture is cartoon rather than caricature. Irishmen seem to find it more difficult than anybody to make Ireland seem real.

Cameron Hawley is an American business man who has been writing fiction as a sideline. His efficiency is as a purveyor of the ready-made daydream trimmed with high-pressure commercial expertise. He has affinities in several directions, with Louis Bromfield perhaps, with Elinor Glyn conceivably. His books automatically make glossy films. Cash McCall is a fascinating tycoon of forty or so who flies all over the U.S.A. buying up businesses and selling them and dodging income tax. He makes love - in various private love-nests, in aeroplanes, hotels, and on the edge of grand canyons - to Lory, the young daughter of a television-set-cabinet manufacturer: "the faint man odour was an intoxicating vapour whirling through her brain". He shakes cocktails not in a cocktail shaker but a "crystal mixing urn". His author, who has, as you can see, about as much sense of humour and discrimination as an electric razor, does not seem to be able to make up his mind whether Cash's activities are a menace to the national economy or a glorious indication of free enterprise; but between they give you a rollicking read, if you are in an indulgent mood.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

MILLER'S TALE

"My Friend Henry Miller." By Alfred Perlès. Neville Spearman. 16s.

Unless you happen to live in Tokyo, Henry Miller's best-known books are hard to obtain in English. This, of course, is one result of Britain's strange obscenity laws, which condone the seedy euphemisms of police-court reporting, but compel Mr. Perlès in the present volume to quote "Tropic of Capricorn" in the decent obscurity of French. Just now, there are signs of change in the legal climate - a stiffening of prudery countered by demands for reform. But poking fun at stuffed-shirt shockability is sometimes a tedious duty: it puts one in the ranks of the inverted Mrs. Grundys, equivocal Crusaders cried on by merchants in the Charing Cross Road. Not that obscenity is *per se* boring - that unlikely claim so often heard from the Bench. Obscene books, like books of travel, may be a poor substitute for the experiences they describe: but their success with armchair travellers suggests that literature, in both cases, may be more glamorous than life. In any event, the problem of their literary and moral status, as distinct from their legal condemnation, has never to my knowledge been satisfactorily explored. D.H. Lawrence's celebrated essay perhaps came closest to doing so; but Lawrence's distinctions were as unhelpful in practice as those of chesty committee-men holding out for "liberty, not licence". One man's meat, in fact, may still be another man's pornography.

Few people, I think, would nowadays deny "the obscene" a place in serious literature - and this not merely because of the artist's urge to see life steadily and see it whole, but because the very notion of "obscenity" subsumes and symbolises man's paradoxical condition, part of nature and yet transcending it, conjoining the most rarefied emotions with the grunting ecstasies of physical love. Here indeed is a subject for comedy, disgust, acceptance, tragic resignation, or the heroic aspirations of metaphysics. How much of the force of, say, Graham Greene, Aldous Huxley, Rabelais, or even Ronald Firbank, is due to their grasp of this central and lucrative paradox? How much of the irritation that one feels with the heroines of Dickens is due to their reluctance to acknowledge that any such paradox exists? This, I think, is the essential test of obscenity in literature. The real objection to police-court euphemisms is that they are abstract and curiously degrading: they reduce a delicate predicament to legal definitions of adultery and "certain offences" - about as enthralling as the mating habits of fish. A similar distorting reticence mars the sex-scenes almost obligatory in popular novels. Here, love is reduced to Lawrentian circumlocutions; and seduction - in real life so thrilling, disturbing, and often fraught with practical difficulties - becomes a streamlined flow of verbiage ending with a row of dots.

Against this background of qualified, stylised frankness one can better appreciate the obscenity of Henry Miller. His insistence on sex, that is, may be a form of compensation, the inevitable reaction of a "normal" man confronting the reticence of convention. The absence from his books of admitted shame or guilt may be a corrective to their over-exploitation elsewhere. This, at least, seems to be the theory advanced by Mr. Perlès. Right from the start, his book reveals itself as hagiography - an unabashed and sometimes silly piece of hero-worship where critical thinking has little place. In its bouncy way, it's quite attractive. It describes the sleazy world of sub-Hemingway Paris, Mecca of American deadbeats and Central-European refugees. Here Mr. Perlès met Henry Miller drinking in a Montparnasse cafe, with a pile of saucers in front of him and not a cent in his pocket. It was a familiar situation: Miller would bum a meal off anyone when he was cleaned out, talk like a magician constantly, and share his money lavishly when he was in funds. As Mr. Perlès's narrative proceeds, it stacks up an incredible quantity of food, alcohol, sex, and conversation: one has the impression that these people only found time for working by going without sleep. From it all emerges a genial picture of Henry Miller, wandering sloppily round the back-streets, and writing of what he found there with a kind of inspired sloppiness not unmixed with American awe of the wicked Old World. This is strictly Paris By Night - the Paris of tramps and vagrants, of Jack Kahane and the Obelisk Press, of the night patrol girls and onion soup in Les Halles. It contrasts strangely and significantly with Miller's present home at Big Sur, California, in the land where bookshops sell their stock by length and colour, and where the neighbours are "the Rinks, the Whitcombs, the Phelpses, the Hopkinses, the Morgenraths and the Healeys, who live in their houses, log cabins or shacks, as the case may be, all within a more or less walkable radius from Henry's cabin". For all its naivety, Mr. Perlès's book is a pleasant record of more than twenty years' friendship: for the student, it contains an invaluable bibliography which twice mentions "My Friend Henry Miller".

When all's said and done, however, it's hard to go all the way with Mr. Perlès. Too much of the time he and his hero seem like college boys on holiday, whooping it up with a bunch of half-forgotten bohemians like Chicago Tribune columnist Wambly Bald. And if Miller may be forgiven for over-reaction against the conspiracy of prudery - making, as George Orwell said, "a notable effort to get the thinking man down from his chilly perch" - he fails, I think, to maintain the balance of the paradox on which true obscenity rests. Ideally, one might derive a whole moral and aesthetic world from that single subject, expanding outwards like rings on a pond. But to make such demands of Miller is to head for disappointment: there's a fatal and conventional flabbiness in the outer fringes of his thought. This he shares with the worst of Lawrence and with the latter-day gurus, side-stepping civilisation rather than trying to master it, and seeking final refuge in a vague taste for the occult.

RICHARD MAYNE

THE GENTLE MAYA

"The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization." By J. Eric S. Thompson. Gollancz. 21s.

The Maya ruins of Central America are among the most romantic of all the remains of antiquity. Like the Minoan and Sumerian, they had the dramatic appeal of being rediscovered after having passed from human memory. Many of them had been buried not by soil but by the jungle, and we could picture their pale stone and plaster shining out from the heavy green mantle, huge carved stelae being freed from the sinuous mass of creeper and looked upon for the first time in a thousand years. There is something attractively mysterious, too, in the fact that the people who created this lost civilisation still live on the ancestral lands, but drained of the power that once drove them to greatness. Today they live in humble villages, graceful and charming with some slender inheritance of civility, but with their creative force gone from them as inexplicably as it came.

The pre-Columban cultures of America are generally believed to have evolved in isolation since the peopling of the continent by Stone Age hunters. Mr. Thompson himself is more inclined to think that immigrants continued to cross from Asia until the beginning of our era, and there may have been even later contacts with the Orient. Yet even if this is true, the American civilisations were largely indigenous, and must remain more strange to us than any of the Old World.

The Maya occupied the western extremity of Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador and British Honduras, and their culture seems to have flowered best not in the fertile and temperate highlands to the south but among the tropical rain forests and swamps of the central region. During its great classical period from the fourth to the ninth century A.D. it had little in common with the cruel morbidity of the later Aztec, an expression of decadent militarism which we should not allow to dominate our picture of Central American culture. True the Maya practised a grim form of human sacrifice, but perhaps it was hardly more shocking than those we make to our unshrined gods of speed and the machine.

In all other ways, however, the ancient Maya were gentle and peace-loving, true to their ideal of moderation and order - as are their modern descendants whom Mr. Thompson knows and admires. Their pre-eminence was in architecture and sculpture, and in their unique development of hieroglyphic writing and calendrical mathematics. The finest Maya buildings can rival any in the world, while the clusters of temple-crowned pyramids must have formed sacred centres far more imposing than the Athenian acropolis.

Nothing else in their culture, however, is of such peculiar interest as the Maya's preoccupation with time. They saw it as endless; they were obsessed with dividing and measuring it; they deified it. Mr. Thompson is on his own ground here, for hieroglyphics have been his special study and they were used mainly on the giant stone stelae set up by the priests to record and celebrate their feats of calculation. These feats were remarkable, including a computation of the calendar 400 million years into the past and the correct forecasting of eclipses. For such calculations the Maya devised a numerical system more efficient than the Roman.

Mr. Thompson deserves our gratitude for openly defying those of his colleagues who try to turn the study of man's distant past into a science, and proclaiming his belief in it as part of the art of history. So he is free to include in an otherwise carefully factual book several short biographies, designed to give some idea of what life felt like to the Maya when their civilisation was flourishing.

Any readers of this absorbing book who pause to reflect on the generalities of Maya history must be chastened by the number of dogmas that are confounded. Writing in other contexts, many learned men have committed themselves to opinions that would deny the likelihood of a high civilisation being born in a tropical rain forest with thin, quickly exhausted soil, or of its being maintained by a people who had domesticated no animals; who had failed to invent the wheel or to discover the property of metals; who did not bother with large-scale trade. Yet there among the jungle and scrublands are the ruined but irrefutable monuments to the greatness of their achievement. Briefly they were possessed by some incalculable combination of imagination, intellectual energy and religious inspiration that enabled them to reach great heights on the slender economic basis of the maize they loved and venerated.

Who would be for the mineralogical delights of interplanetary flight if given the chance of a journey through time to a living Maya city?

JACQUETTA HAWKES

A CYMRIC SURVEY

"A History of Welsh Literature". By Thomas Parry. Translated by H. Idris Bell. Oxford. 50s.

Welsh literature began early with major poets like Aneirin and the composer of the Llywarch Hen cycle. Prose, too appeared early in the tenth century Laws of Hywel Dda, and later superbly in the Mabinogion. Major poetry continued to thrive under the princes, and then through the influence of Dafydd ap Gwilym reached a high level of technical brilliance at the hands of a score or more of poets who enjoyed the patronage of the gentry. The Reformation and the spread of Renaissance culture produced the classical prose of the Bible and Prayer Book, but with the anglicization of the gentry and the slackening of the bardic tradition, there emerged the long-eclipsed freer verse of the people, although the eighteenth and early twentieth centuries witnessed notable revivals of the strict metres. Prose continued to flourish, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries works in the grand manner were written by Morgan Llwyd, Theophilus Evans and Elis Wynne. Otherwise despite the efforts of societies like the Cymmrodorion and institutions like the National Eisteddfod, the afternoon of Welsh letters retained little of the brilliance of the morning. Yet a late educational reform kept the darkness at bay, and a few lamps were kindled which may still lead to a new dawn.

For this picture with its accompanying detail, the non-specialist is indebted to Dr. Thomas Parry. His "Hanes Llenyddiaeth Gymraeg", published in 1944 by the University of Wales Press, was a necessary and authoritative survey of Welsh letters. The following year, through another publisher, Dr. Parry issued a brief study of contemporary writing in Welsh. It seems natural that Sir Idris Bell should have been moved to translate the former work. He is himself the author of a standard work on Welsh poetry and an acknowledged Cymrophil. His translation is excellent, and the book splendidly produced with a pleasing care for Welsh spelling. One of the merits of the original work was that, being comprehensive, it enabled the reader to see Welsh letters in their true perspective. Sir Idris Bell's patient scholarship has now made this possible for English readers too, and he has added valuable footnotes and appendices.

Dr. Parry's book contained a wealth of quotations in both prose and verse. Sir Idris has faithfully rendered each one. He is an experienced translator, and in view of his modest disclaimers and the excellence of his work as a whole, it seems churlish to find fault at all. But was it wise to abandon the method of translating the earlier poetry into *vers libre* for that of more regular rhymed verse when dealing with *cywydd* and *englyn*? The flavour of such renderings tends to be Georgian, and when applied to the Welsh strict metres strikes one as incongruous and unrepresentative. With the free measures it is more successful, though not with the austere beauty of some of the *penillion telyn*.

Sir Idris Bell has added an appendix on the twentieth century. Being for home consumption, Dr. Parry's survey had some sharp things to say. Sir Idris is kinder, and practically every Welsh writer who has put pen to paper is sent happily on his way, clutching a pennyworth or two of publicity. This is understandable, but it does rather offset what is evident in the larger book, namely that the great days of Welsh literature have tended to coincide with periods of political independence or of religious passion. At a time when our small nation has neither, it is perhaps over kind to be as enthusiastic about contemporary writing in Welsh as Sir Idris has been in this section.

R.S. THOMAS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,360

Set by Giles Overeach

In an attempt to find the ideal Sunday newspaper reviewer, who shall combine all the qualities of a Nicolson, a Mortimer, a Connolly and a Toynbee, the usual prizes are offered for the first 150 words of a composite article effortlessly mingling these four highly individual styles. The book under review is "Addictions" by Graham Greene. Invention or paste may be used. Entries by April 3.

RESULT OF No. 1,357

Set by Tom Bowling

Mr. Krushchev has announced that the Communist Party proposes to set up boarding-schools, in Russia, for the first time since the days of the Czars, "to produce good leaders". The usual prizes are offered for a letter of application for a post in one of these schools from Dr. Arnold, Miss Prism, Mr. Squeers, Miss Buss (or Miss Beale), Captain Grimes, Mr. Chips, A.S. Neill, or Stalky's Mr. King. Limit, 150 words.

Report

The game surely was to see how the applicants would bend their talents and qualifications to the new ideological requirements. A.S. Neill thought up a telling line with his offer to "save the Soviet child from its Stakhanovite parents" (Amy Hollins); Captain Grimes played a good card from his shabby pack with his "impressively discreditable record in the Army in the World War of 1914-18" (Katy) and Mr. Chips was well in character in offering to teach Russian "preferably with the conventional pronunciation" (D.R. Peddy). Squeers gave his favourite discipline a fine Marxist slant: "Material things are Realities to our Boys and windows are windows of glass and wood requiring Polish instanter not magic casements or other Capitalist fancy" (Joyce Taylor). But of course it was Dr. Arnold (with his usual private line to the highest quarters) who succeeded best in presenting himself as the right person to instil manliness into the young Russian barbarian. So E.C. Jenkins wins first prize of three guineas; Jim Parrott is second with two. Commended: Hugh Sockett, Findlay P. Murdoch, E. Timperley, Tom Haggitt, and A.M.P. ("Nothing to my mind could be cheerier Than Cheltenham Ladies in Siberia").

Dr. Arnold

After much earnest consultation with the Almighty and in view of the invaluable guidance I have been vouchsafed from that enlightened source I conceive it to be my duty to offer my humble services to do for Russia what I have already done for England. Here my work is done, and now I will bend my energies to the creation of a Russian Rugby, merely observing that it was not at Rugby that the famous Battle of Waterloo was won, nor has the roll of that celebrated establishment been sullied with the names of such as Churchill or even Attlee. I beg of you to accept for the Republic the Five Volumes of my Sermons which shall in some small measure speak for me.

E.C. JENKINS

Wackford Squeers

If you want ennyone as can use the Cain I can ensure you I am Abel. My Boys know how I lay on my marx and dont want telling twice. The Boy at the Bottom gets the Boot. This is called lerning by eggsperience.

When I have done a Boy he is well Red, but I do not negglekt the Pragmattikal side. He can use a Hammer as well as a Sickel. On the Shop flore he will clere up enny forrin Matter.

My Wife knows how to kepe a Bordy house, and sees to it that our Skollers are propper Fed up. Every Boy is Left in the State you want. Langwidge is no trubble. They soon lern the Words.

You say you want Leeders? You need have no feer. When I have done a Boy if he is not a born Leeder he is bownd to be an Iddyott.

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CONTENTS of March "Plebs"."Labour 50 years ago" by G.J.V. Horsman; "The Challenge of Our Time" by A.E. Jupp; "The Middle East" by J.F. Horrabin; "The Birth and Growth of British Socialism", discussed by A. & B.; "Industrial Law V" by W.L. Taylor, B.L., J.P.; "Salute to Samuel Johnson" by Raymond Fletcher; "Labour College Student now Deputy Leader"; "This Wicked World" by J.P.M. Millar; Pars from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 7½d. or 7s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

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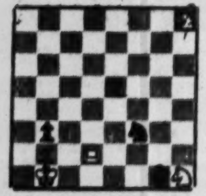
The Chess Board

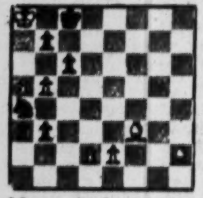
No. 332. Our Study Competition

We had so many entries from all over the globe that we could not but augment the official 4 prizes by the addition of 4 " Honorary Mentions " (each rating the usual chessbook token). Even though we faced quite a glut of Novotnys, Plachuttas and other themes too hackneyed by now to leave much scope for originality, we had a good many meritorious entries. I was glad to see those of some celebrated Russian composers arrive in the very nick of time, and G. M. Kasparjan's brilliant piece would certainly have got our undivided 1st prize if he had not used much the same delightful idea for his well deserved prize in the Tchigorin Memorial Tourney, six years ago. It was then a draw, whereas in its new version it is a win and shares 3rd and 4th Hon. Ment. with the neat little trifle entered by A. P. Gulajev. This is so easy that I mustn't rate it more than 6 ladder-points for our solvers. All the other pieces may as well rate 7, (and some of them are no bargains at that). The two Kasparjans and the Gulajev will be published next week, and so as to give competitors a little more time to cope with next week's heavy chore of 5 pieces, two of them are published to-day. They are by H. F. Blandford (London) and S. Isenegger (Zurich), sharing 1st and 2nd Hon. Ment. As for our 1*st and 2nd prize*, (of 4 and 3 gns. respectively), they are *shared by* that brilliant Swedish composer *Axel Akerblom* (a win) and by an equally remarkable entry, (a draw), which is the joint effort of two other famous Russian composers, *A. G. Kusnetzov and B. A. Zacharov*. The 3rd and 4th prize is shared by *V. Halberstadt* (Paris) and the best of *Isenegger's* entries. (Both wins for White). Now here are (in Forsyth, for reasons of space) two of next week's pieces. A. H. F. BLANDFORD (White to win): / 4R3 / p3Ktp2 / 5P2 / 7p / 8 / Kpk5 /P6p / 8. B. S. ISENEGGER (White to win): / 1Bk6 /p7 / p7 / Kt4kt2 / 3ktK3 / 6bKt / 8 / 6R1 /.

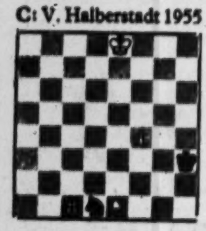
A: A. Akerblom 1955



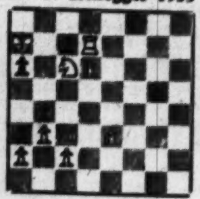
B: A. G. Kusnetzov
B. A. Zacharov 1955



C: V. Halberstadt 1955



D: S. Isenegger 1955



I want to thank scores of competitors, (including quite a few of our regular solvers) for their entries; a good many of them are quite remarkable, and I should like to use them from time to time in a "Readers' Own" week. Competitors who would rather have their pieces back, should kindly let me know.

Finally, on behalf of all competitors and solvers, I want to thank our Hon. Juror Harold Lommer for devoting the sweat of his brow no less than the flash of his wit and the benefit of his supremely expert knowledge and experience.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 329. Set January 21.

A: (1) Q-R5 ch, K-B3. (2) Q-B7 ch, K-Q4. (3) Q-Q7 ch, K-K5. (4) Q-B6 ch, K-B4. (5) Q-K6 ch, K-Kt4. (6) Q-KR6 ch, K x Q. (7) B-B4 mate.
B: (1) P-K7, B x P. (2) B-R4 ch, K-K3. (3) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q3. (4) Kt-K8 ch, K-K3. (5) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Q3. (6) Kt-B5 ch etc.
If (1) . . . K x P. (2) B-Kt4 ch etc.
C: (1) Kt-Kt3!, B x Kt. (2) P-K7, B-Q3 ch. (3) K-R4!, B x P. (4) B-B4!!, P x Q. (5) B-Q5 ch etc.

An easy lot and a good many correct solutions. True enough A is an 8-mover if Black plays (6) . . . K-Kt5. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, M. Hollis, W. T. Maccall, J. Mitchell, C. J. Morse. A competitor of Battle Road, Hastings may well have got a prize if he had thought of giving his name.

Assiac

Shorter Reviews

Ovid Recalled. By L. P. Wilkinson. *Cambridge*. 37*s*. 6*d*.

Ovid is more often read than any other Latin poet, for every young man of an enquiring mind has perused *The Art of Love*; perhaps that is why he is less often praised. And yet it is fair to judge him by this beautiful and naughty (but not pornographic) piece on how to enjoy love-affairs by conducting them with style. Except for the *Tristia*, where he was sadly less at home, it is the most heartfelt of his poems and the most completely organised as a living whole. Elsewhere Ovid suffers from themes that recur but do not develop—most plainly in his longest poem, the *Metamorphoses*. He is in love with poetry, the cleverest versifier that ever lived, a brilliant painter, a polished narrator of short stories and not without psychological insight, but he is quite simply short of a philosophy powerful enough to drive him through a long poem. That is why he has dropped out of the list of great poets. In an age of confusion, we expect poetry to illuminate our world: Ovid can only decorate it. But what decoration! How curiously pleasure-refusing we are if we fail to enjoy the stories that glow and shimmer with the colours of the renaissance paintings they inspired, the verse of such exciting potency that after sixteen hundred years it could engender the English heroic couplet!

Ovid is evidently a poet who comes out well in selection. If all Mr. Wilkinson had done for him were to introduce a great many excerpts and follow them with his own elegant verse-translations he would have written an entertaining and valuable book. In fact he has produced what will be for a long time the standard work. Carrying an enormous weight of learning he goes at a leisurely pace and unloads everything with such tact, modesty and ease that the reader is never burdened and constantly delighted. *Ovid Recalled* is, of course, the flower of a life-time's devotion to classical scholarship. It is a great pleasure to be able to hail it as a charming as well as an important work of criticism.

A. W.

The Pocket Guide to Wild Flowers. By David McClintock and R. S. R. Fitter, assisted by Francis Rose. *Collins*. 25*s*.

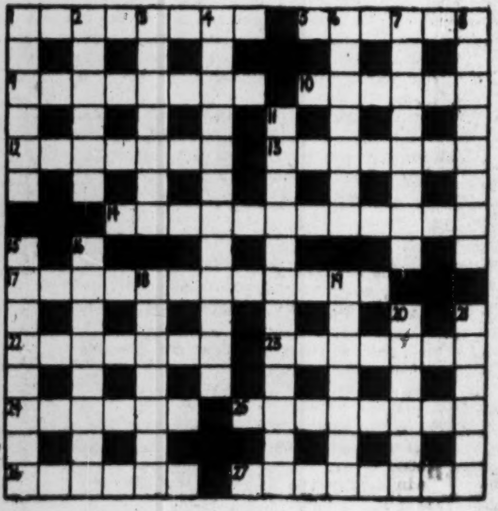
Books on wild flowers tend to fall into two mutually-exclusive categories: the full-scale Flora, designed for the adept, and the innumerable pretty-pretty "handbooks" intended, in the main, for children. To the first class belongs the indispensable *Flora of the British Isles* by Messrs. Clapham, Tutin and Warburg: authoritative, exhaustive but a little formidable, and apt to discourage the amateur who, having graduated from the kindergarten stage, requires something a little more advanced but not too alarmingly technical. Messrs. Collins' *Pocket Guide* provides the perfect compromise, being both learned and easily approachable. There are 1,400 illustrations, 600 of them in colour, so that with any luck one will be able to spot one's flower right away; if one fails to do so, one can turn to the text, in which the brief but accurate descriptions are numbered to correspond with the pictures. The illustrations are grouped, roughly, according to colour—a helpful concession to the beginner—and most of them, despite the reduced scale, are easily recognisable; in the text, the plants are classified in the now generally accepted sequence of natural orders and genera, and the nomenclature is both accurate and up-to-date. In one or two cases plants are included which have probably not hitherto appeared in any British Flora—*e.g.* the Alpine Coltsfoot, recently rediscovered in its sole British locality in Angus.

This book should be of the greatest value not only to the amateur, but to the more advanced student.

J. B

Week-end Crossword No. 191

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 191, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Apr. 3.



ACROSS

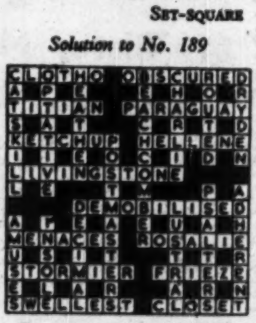
1. Solitary tomb for one who commits an impropriety (8).
5. Deed caught in a change for the worse (6).
9. The returning officers are among those competent to form a company (8).
10. Obstruction which spoils my site (6).
12. Looks at a mineral deposit—what an ugly sight! (7).
13. The one making a noise in the examination may be first (7).
14. A market for lovemaking in front of the entrance (12).
17. Means of transport for a professional with a good scoring shot (5, 3, 4).
22. Hardy, having skill in bridge (7).
23. Continental letter which is relevant (7).
24. No clothing in the beginning? (6).
25. A large number roll in it haphazardly (8).
26. Study which sounds like payment for one's wickedness (6).
27. Corresponding in sound (8).

DOWN

1. Cards passed when shuffled (6).
2. The scientist is one who catalogues data (6).
3. If the head were replaced this violinist would have material for a diploma (7).
4. Lives are shattered but there is nothing up in the arena, so there is a brighter side (6, 6).
6. Greek poet who has nothing in Greek measures (7).
7. The foreigner discovers madness in a piece of cricket (8).
8. Journals sound powerless over untruth (8).
11. Curves representing inaccurate numbers? (5, 7).
15. The cutters have an explorer in charge up amidships (8).
16. A European puts a prohibition about against solo (8).
18. Heart broken about a first-class girl friend (7).
19. Painter who is sick in the rearranged tour (7).
20. A paint well mixed makes a film on the surface of metal (6).
21. "If any young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in," he said (6).

Set-Square

Solution to No. 189



Prizewinners to No. 189

J.B. Vent (Coventry), Mrs. M. Ross (London W.8), H.A.G. Schmuckler (Haifa).

PERSONAL

ST. PANCRAS studio Easter hospitality (about 2 weeks) offered to sociable responsible cultured University woman (references) by woman scholar. Friendly cat to feed. Ring or write Miss R.S.G., 8 Regent Square, W.C.1. Terminus 5195 (7.30-10 a.m.).

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GERMAN lady (30) interested arts, theatre, country, seeks English conversation practice. Could Club, English lady or gentleman assist? Box 3068.

LADY living Chelsea has formed social &/or cultural group. Become a member and meet others with similar interests thereby enriching your leisure hours. Tel.: FLA.9515.

WIDOW (26) sks. bed-sit. in happy home N.W. Reasonable. Prepared to sit-in occasionally. Box 3059.

SMALL newly-established business of Interior Decorating and Furniture in provincial city (with growing connection in county) seeks working partner with small investment. Learner would be considered. Accommodation could be provided. Box 2585.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremolinos (Malaga), Portugal (Ofir). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44 gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65 gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the Fr. Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54 gns. Elkan Allan, the B.B.C.'s armchair traveller, writes: "I went on a Horizon holiday myself last year. My honest advice is that if you're considering going to any of the places mentioned - and they are all wonderful places - the best plan is to go with Horizon Holidays". See why. Write or phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 4N, Horizon Holidays Ltd., 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. CIT 7163.

COME to Moscow! Progressive Tours offers several exciting holidays in the Soviet Union, Bulgaria and Hungary this year. Moscow for May Day, 19 days, £115 all in. Other trips during June, July, August. Join Bulgarians at their favourite Black Sea Coast resort. 16 days, £55 12s. Budapest and Lake Balaton, 15 days, £53. Send 2½d. stamp for free brochure. Progressive Tours Ltd., (N.S.1.). 100a, Rochester Row, S.W.1.

CANAL cruising for peace and quiet. New 2/5-berth fully equipped, clean & comfortable cruisers for hire. Brochure from Canal Pleasurecraft (S), Stourport, Worcs.

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PERSONAL - continued

FRENCH Riviera Beach Club. 9 gns. p.w. full board. Apply: 2 Church Place, Jermyn St., London, S.W.1.

TEN Specially Chosen Holidays for individual people. Not mass-produced but personally arranged by experts. A choice of one, two and three-centre holidays in France, Italy, Switzerland and Spain. Specially selected hotels - reasonable prices. Brochure from Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Tel. WHItehall 4114.

COME and talk to us about your holiday, but if you can't then write for our illus. brochure of holidays everywhere, conventional and otherwise, from £12 upwards. Allways, 17, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA 6436/7.

WATCH the world go by. See the sights of Europe by comfortable modern coach - Switzerland, Belgium, Luxembourg & France. 9 days' holiday for only 36 gns. Weekly departures from London from March 29. Inclusive prices cover full board accommodation at good hotels, travel and sightseeing - they're good they're Cooks. Ask for free folder "See Europe by Coach" which contains a selection of tours from 25 gns. Thos. Cook & Son Ltd., Dept. I/B/FZ, Berkeley St., London, W.1.

ITALIAN Art Tours: Florence and Venice or Rome 15 days, £42 10s. Rome: 10 days £29 10s. and many others. Depart: July 29 or Aug. 19. Centres: Dolomites, Riviera, Lakes, Coast &c. from £30. E.T.A. Tours, 387 Strand, London, W.C.2.

PAINTING Holidays for amateurs and beginners. Yugoslavia, Italy, Mallorca. Painting in atmosphere of unspoilt beauty and pleasant company. Cost includes expert individual tuition, 1st cl. hotels and travel. 39 gns. fully incl. 15 days Easter and Summer. Brochure B. Croll A.R.C.A. London Atelier of Painting, 13 Queens Gdns., London, W.2. AMB 0849/4749.

SEE Europe with a non-profit organisation. Magnificent holidays. Lowest costs. by Air & Coach. Italy, Lake Garda 12 days 30 gns. Austria, Vienna Woods, 12 days. 33 gns. Spaih, Costa Brava 14 days. 36 gns. These are just a few examples from our 1956 holiday programme. Full details in our illustrated brochure obtainable free from Y.T.C. Universal Ltd., Dept. N.S., 47-49 Lime St. Liverpool.

EASTER Holidays: our Easter arrangements include Easter ski-ing parties in Austria and Switzerland, Easter parties to Paris, to Italy (Rome, Assisi, Florence and the Riviera), to Majorca (by air) and a variety of Easter arrangements in Britain (house party at Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, Music Holiday in Dorset, hotel party at Stratford-on-Avon). Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd. S.W.7. KEN 0911/9225

MAJORCA, Ibiza, Costa Brava, etc., 15 days from £33. Free guide and programme now ready from New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105. Escorted journey. Independent holiday by rail (short sea route), coach, air. Special arrangements Easter. Book now.

SUMMER holidays for children. Trained supervisor. Sea, country, excursions. Principal, Thanet House School, 16 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs.

PALMA by air August 12 to 26. £45 all-in. Locarno, Merano-Dolomites, Vienna, Opatija at other dates. Fortnight £33 to £42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

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SEVEN Seas Services, Agent to all popular operators, offer tours to main Continental & British resorts. From £15. 19s. 6d. Also independent travel air-rail-coach. 22 Blenheim Terrace, N.W.8. MAI 1298.

EDUC. Touring Service highly specialises in posts Au Pair/Exchanges/Paying Guests. Offers: posts France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium for yg. ladies wishing help w. children, light hsewk., pocket money. Requires: London & seaside accom. in gd. famil. summer months for stud. S.A.E.: 10, Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

PERSONAL - continued

JERSEY for early holidays in a sunny Continental atmosphere, without passport, language or currency problems. Take advantage of easier travel and special hotel tariffs. Write now for free holiday literature to Box 250, Tourism Official Information Centre, St. Helier, Jersey.

POSITANO Art Workshop 1956 session May 15-Sept. 15. Ideal art holiday in internat. artists' colony S. Italy. Studio classes in painting & drawing, sculpture, textile designing, jewellery-making and mosaics. Box 2914.

CARAVAN, 4-berth. Private site, lovely downland village, walks. Near Eastbourne, Seaford. Fully equipped. Box 3357.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How". Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success". No Sales - No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space).

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms

WHY be grey? Restore the colour of your hair with "Fez" Colour Restorer. Not a dye. All chemists or 6s. post free, Premier Laboratories, 315/19 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

TAPE recorders for hire, 30s. per day. Mobile recording unit w. engineer avail. for school choirs, concerts, etc. HAM.1466.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners crse. all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36, Cranbourn Street, W.C.2. COV.0754.

FRENCH for Conversation. Intensive courses for beginners/all grades. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TRA.2044.

RACIAL discrimination? Send stamp for article. BM/JONIB, London, W.C.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London appointments through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge, 4633.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES.2341.

PHILLIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KEN.8042.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre, Russell House, Wilton, Wilts.

PERSONALITY in a Cigarette? Smoke Grosvenor Tipped and double your smoking enjoyment. Boxes of 20 for 3s. 8d.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 1987.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Chesnakov, 48a, Cathcart Road, S.W.10. FLA.4354.

P.S. In view of the fact that a 26-day holiday to Spain costs only 35 gns. or 32 days to Vienna only 36½ gns., (travel included) do you really think you can afford to stay in England this Summer? Why not economise by joining a "Summer School Abroad". Programme from Harold Ingham Ltd., 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

P.P.S. Holidays in Carinthia arranged by Llewellyn Hodge (and recommended by Harold Ingham) are almost equally economical. Programme from 115 Grasmere Ave., Wembley, Middx.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 7 to September 14, 1956. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

VENICE - Ruskin School of Art Appreciation. Fortnightly courses from May till October will be held in historic palazzo on painting, architecture & music. Especially for tourists with little or no knowledge of the arts. Residential. Use of gondola and cabin on Lido. Write for brochure: R.O. Gordon, M.A., Hawkwood College, Stroud, Glos.

HOUSE Party and Language Holidays in Britain (Sussex, Cornwall and Wales), in Austria, Sweden and Switzerland. Full details: Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Rd. S.W.7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires General Programme Producer in Norwich to assist East Anglian Representative, chiefly with contributions to topical magazine programmes and to news bulletins in consultation with Regional News Editor. He will be expected to contribute and investigate ideas and share in work of interviewing, reporting, briefing interviewers, organising facilities, and rehearsing speakers. A good microphone voice, wide interests and capacity to judge topicality and news interest are necessary. Experience in journalism, interviewing, and knowledge of and keen interest in East Anglia, it's people and affairs, desirable. Starting salary £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1., marked "1589 N.Stm.", within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (British subject) for Pacific and South African Service to originate ideas and produce talks, talks features and other programmes in English for Australia and New Zealand. Essential qualifications; sound educational background, good general knowledge, appreciation of spoken word, imaginative approach to sound radio production, tact and genuine interest in people of all kinds. Knowledge and experience of the areas concerned and understanding of their peoples and tastes desirable. Interest in sport an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1596 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

B.B.C. invites applications for Trainee Studio Assistants. Successful candidates will join Staff Training Reserve from which most junior vacancies in Programme Operations Departments are filled. These departments are responsible for all operational work in studios in the preparation, transmission or recording of all programmes. This includes placing artists in relation to microphone, control of volume, reproduction of records and manipulation of sound effects. Candidates should preferably be between 20 and 25 and must be physically fit as hours of duty are irregular and may include night shifts. They must possess manual dexterity and capacity to assimilate some technical knowledge (broadcasting equipment, problems of acoustics, recording techniques). Considerable emphasis on personal qualities, particularly ability to deal tactfully and confidently with people, to think quickly and remain calm in emergencies. Wide general interest in the Arts necessary but as work varies within Departments, some knowledge of dramatic production, or ability to follow a music score, is valuable. For many posts vocal and operational suitability for microphone work and some linguistic ability is essential. Starting salary £465 for trial period of six months with prospect of promotion when fully qualified to £515, rising by 5 annual increments to £700 maximum. Prospects of further promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1598 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1., within 5 days.

SAINT Ives (Cornwall). Curator required with experience of selling painting, sculpture and crafts. Modest salary and commission. Typing essential. Apply: Honorary Secretary, The Penwith Society of Arts, Penwith Gallery, St. Ives, Cornwall.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

THE University of Manchester, Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for Bolton, Wigan District, with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer, £650 x £50 to £1,350; Assistant Lecturer, £550 x £50 to £650. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications & experience. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in one of the subjects ordinarily taught in W.E.A. and adult classes. Applications should be sent not later than April 9, 1956 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics. and application forms are obtainable.

PART time employment in L.C.C. Junior Clubs and Play Centres. Vacancies for junior club leaders and play centre superintendents occur from time to time in various districts of London, and applications are invited for appointment to the panel of leaders and superintendents. Staff normally required from 4 or 5 p.m. for 2 or 3 hours on 2 to 5 evenings a week during school terms. Pay 15s. for the first hour and 10s. an hour subsequently each evening. Some staff employed also during the daytime in school holidays. Experience in junior club or play centre work desirable. Organising ability necessary and experience in teaching or in youth club work are additional qualifications. Selected candidates will be required to attend a short training course. Applications forms, obtainable from the Education Officer, (P.S.8), County Hall, S.E.1. to be returned by April 2, 1956. (480)

NETHERNE, Clerks Croft & Fairdene Hospitals, Coulsdon, Surrey. Two vacancies for Psychiatric Social Workers. These positions offer opportunities for research, out-patient work, social clubs and work in the community as well as in the hospitals. Individual offices, clerical help and use of car; mileage allowance paid to car owner. Applications from trained Psychiatric Social Workers, students still in training or those accepted in the P.S.W. trainee scheme, should be made as soon as possible, giving full particulars of age, experience etc., with the names of two referees, to the Physician Superintendent.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Law. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Law at a salary on the scale £650 x £50 x £1,350 a year for a Lecturer or within the range £550 - £650 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications & experience. Applications (3 copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of 3 referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than April 14, 1956.

MAGEE University College Londonderry. Applications are invited for appointment to the Dill Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Magee University College (Associated with the University of Dublin and a Recognised College of the Queen's University of Belfast). Salary £1,650 with the usual F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the Trustees, Magee University College, Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

PERSONNEL Officer required by Granada T.V. Network Limited, for their Studios in Manchester. Applicants should preferably be Northerners with experience in Film Studios or similar organisations employing a variety of trades. Application, giving full particulars should be addressed to the Personnel Manager, Granada T.V. Network Ltd., 36 Golden Square, London, W.1.

SOCIAL worker - qualified and experienced with organising ability for pioneer work with Voluntary Organisation in Scotland. Car owner des. Sal. Grade A.P.T. 11. Box 3364.

THE Progressive English Group needs 4 teachers of English. Some knowledge European languages an advantage. Write only to James Shorrocks, 108c, Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

THE Society of Civil Servants invites applications for post of Assistant Secretary. Negotiating ability and knowledge of Civil Service conditions are essential. Experience of Staff Association work is desirable. The post, subject to satisfactory completion of a period of probation, will be permanent and pensionable. Provision may be made for the reckoning of previous pensionable service in certain circumstances. Scale £725 - £1,220, commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Written applications which should include the names and addresses of 3 persons to whom reference can be made, should be sent to the General Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge St., S.W.1., not later than March 31, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor or Senior Staff Tutor in the Education of Young Children. The post is made vacant by the appointment of Miss M.B. Atkinson, Senior Staff Tutor in the Education of Young Children, to the post of Principal of St. Gabriel's College, London. Experience in the education of young children is essential. The person appointed will be required to take up duty in September 1956. The salary will be within the range of £650 x £50 to £1,650, with family allowance and membership of the F.S.S.U. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned with whom twelve copies of applications, including the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged not later than April 7, 1956. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only). E.M. Bettenson, Registrar, Univ. Office, 48 North Bailey, Durham.

AUSTRALIA - University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in French. Applicants should be graduates of a French University, or hold an Honours Degree with French as a major subject. If not native speakers of French, evidence must be given of ability to speak the language fluently and correctly and to deliver lectures in French. Salary £A1300/£A1750 p.a. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on March 31, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle upon Tyne. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Department Candidates must be women graduates with an honours degree. Experience in administration, library work, record systems and writing reports would be advantageous but not essential. Salary on the scale £450-£850 with F.S.S.U. benefits. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom 12 copies of application should be sent together with the names of 3 persons to whom reference may be made, not later than March 31, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne. Royal Victoria Infirmary & King's College Medical School Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the above Department. Candidates should preferably be graduates and must hold a Mental Health Certificate or Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. They should also be prepared to assist in the research work in progress in the Department. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance, but renewable for a further period. The commencing salary will be fixed at an appropriate point on Grade 11 (£550 x £25 - £750) according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom twelve copies of application, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed so as to reach him not later than Mar. 31, 1956. G.R.Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families". Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250/25/500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25, St. Mary's Grove, London, N. 1.

OPPORTUNITY to combine idealism & drive by assisting great humanitarian cause. British Council aiding Israel's oldest hospital needs two organisers to conduct appeal London and Provinces. Good sal. for suitable applicants. Apply Chairman, British Council of the Shaare Zedek Hospital. Tavistock House, S., W.C.1.

HEAD Teacher - male - required at Bodenham Manor School, near Hereford. Bodenham Manor is a special residential school for 30 maladjusted children of both sexes under the wardenship of W. David Wills. Salary Burnham Group II Headmaster, plus emoluments in return for extra duties. 5 roomed flat available for married man. Apply in first instance to the Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

INTERNATIONAL Jewish Welfare Organisation sks. research assistant for position Paris. Particular duties: prepare statistical reports, analyse financial statements and budgetary requirements. Age preference 25 to 35 years. Knowledge French and Yiddish desirable but not essential. Box 3270.

JEWISH Charitable Organisation requires additional Organising Secretary/Fund Raiser. This humanitarian Organisation has strong connections with Israel. Conditions and prospects are good and highest references are essential. Replies treated in strict confidence. Write Box 3742, Frost-Smith Advg., 64 Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2.

FRANCES Mary Buss House, Assistant Club Leaders, women needed for residential settlement in East End of London. Apply stating qualifications to F.M.B.H. Secretary, Canons, Edgware, Middlesex.

PART-time teachers (qualified, experienced) for afternoons only. English to foreigners. Write to: St. Giles' School of Languages, 41 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FEATHERS Clubs Association. Youth club leaders full time man and woman required with experience in mixed clubs and junior clubs. Salary £400 - £450 each with Pension Scheme. Some accommodation available, not suitable for family. Apply to: Organising Secretary Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., London, N.W. 8.

SURREY County Council. Resident Assistant Housemothers required (with or without experience) for children's homes in Surrey. Salary £320 x £15 - £365 p.a. less £108 emoluments. Application form and fuller details obtainable on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope from Children's Officer (H/JHP/286) County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat has some unusually interesting Secretarial posts for educated young women. 2 Broad St. Pl., Finsbury Circus, E.C.2., and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

SENIOR Caseworker required, training of students an important part of duties. Qualifications and experience essential. Salary and details given on application to the General Secretary, Sheffield Council of Social Service, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

PERSONAL Assistant (female) required by Management Consultant. Normal secretarial duties plus opportunity to do economic and statistical research. Write only, stating age, experience, qualifications, salary required, to L.A. Gossman & Partners, 22 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

TRAVEL Agency requires temporary part-time shorthand-typist 9.30 to 1 o'clock Mondays to Fridays. French an advantage but not essential. Box 3333.

WANTED: two girls or women for Season to help in Guest-house. Sea-side, right near beach. Please state wages required. Apply: Mrs. Garness, Sea-View, Woolacombe, Devon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

SECRETARY, woman graduate, with fluent French, for international professional organisation. £650 p.a. Portman Bureau, 78, George Street, W.1. WELbeck 4559.

LABORATORY Assistant/Clerical Worker (experience not essential). Apply: Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, S.W.1.

FIRST-class secretary-typist bilingual, English-German required for interesting position with expanding importing and engineering firm - Salary up to £10. Apply Sec. K.S. Paul Ltd., Park Royal Road, N.W.10. ELGar 3751.

ASTER Secretarial Agency, 231, Baker St., N.W.1. Come to us for best Permanent/Temporary office posts. No fees. WEL 8774.

WARDEN Housekeeper - 40 flats for business women Bournville, Birmingham. Charge of catering and domestic staff. Flat and Board provided. State age and experience. Might be suitable for retired person on or awaiting pension. Salary up to £7 per week according to experience. Secretary, Estate Office, Weoley Park Road, Birmingham, 29.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms & good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

HOWELL'S School, North Wales, Denbigh. Wanted in May, Resident Head Lady Cook, Fully experienced in large scale cooking. Also Assistant Cook. Good Salaries. Apply with references to Lady Caterer.

CURATORSHIP vacant Library Museum Hants. Middle-aged man, married, no encumbrances. Unf. quarters free; moderate sal. Box 3329.

MATRON & gardner required. Pinewood, The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Hele 390. Elizabeth Strachan.

DOCTOR'S wife wishes to employ foreign girl for domestic work. Box 3140.

SEC. to author, Snowdonia. Shorthand-typing essent. Part-time or willing give some domestic help. Nice cottage; bath, elec. etc. Applicant with family welcomed. Box 2891.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand. W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY/Social work. Young lady, 35, good mixer, business exp., seeks interesting position. Willing live in. Box 3117.

B.A. (Maths.), 31, knowledge computers, statistics, French, own typewriter, seeks interesting evening work: library research, technical translations, etc. Box 3100.

SPANIARD (28) sks. office appt. Also gives postal tuit. Spanish. Box 3072.

SEC. f., 30, sks. evg./w./end job cent. London. About 20 hrs. wkly. Box 3071.

SEC. s/hand/typist, 30, efficient, knowl. Russian, sks. intg. post. Box 3067.

GRADUATE, B.A., wide commercial and artistic experience, available for congenial position entailing responsibility and initiative. Box 3058.

WOMAN, (32) B.A., student psychology, seeks part-time appointment, opportunity observe therapeutic methods etc. Box 3055.

MOTHER w. retarded pleas. little boy sks. post hsekeeper, governess etc. (perhaps w. similar child) where boy welc. Box 3283.

SWISS girl seeks post mother's help May. Box 3171.

ACCOUNTANT very expd. all office work, wishes change his position. Box 3232.

DISTRICT Commissioner, retired recently Colonial Administrative Service, seeks interesting & useful employment. High remun. not primary consideration. Public School & Balliol, Oxford, M.A. (Honours Modern History), Barrister, some exper. lecturing. Box 3022.

MAJORCA. Well educated young English-speaking Spaniard offers services as personal courier. Arrange Hotels, interpret and accompany excursions etc. off the beaten track. English references. Write D. Alcantara, 125 Toniconto Mulet Torreno, Palma, Majorca.

FELLOWSHIPS AND BURSARIES

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy. The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £700-£1,500 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the Fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than March 31, 1956.

WILLIAM Temple College. "The Association of Friends of the College" have again made it possible for the College to offer a Special Bursary for a Graduate Teacher. Applications are invited from graduate teachers, Men and Women, for a Bursary (which will cover at least full tuition, fees and residence) for the One Year Course at the College in October 1956. The purpose of the Course is to enable teachers to undertake a scholarly study of the Bible and allied subjects and to relate their studies to the problems of children growing up in this technological society. It is particularly suitable for men and women who in posts of responsibility plan the life of a school as a whole and may be called upon to conduct its worship. It could be adapted to assist a teacher planning a longer course of theological study, possibly for a recognised examination. A candidate must have a good honours degree and some teaching experience. Further particulars of the Course may be obtained from the Principal, William Temple College, Rugby.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than June 1, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LIMITED number of scholarships is being granted by the French Government to British students in all fields of study, for eight or ten months starting October or November 1956. Applications should be sent to M. Boyer, Cultural Attache, French Embassy, 22, Wilton Crescent, S.W.1. not later than March 31.

CO-OPERATIVE College. Scholarships for men & women. Scholarships cover - nine months residence, tuition and personal allowance - commencing October each year. Courses in: Social Studies - Diploma in Political Economic and Social Studies (University of Nottingham), General Management - Intermediate Certificate in Management Studies, Retail Management - Co-operative Union Diplomas, Secretaryship - Co-operative Union Diplomas. Further details from: Co-operative College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. Closing date April 1.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DRYDEN Office Service offers prompt and efficient secretarial help to firms suffering from staff shortage. 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplication, translations.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS., Theses, etc. Moderate terms. MAI.2659.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE.8640.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

DUKE of York's. TEM.5122. 7.30. S. 5.30 & 8.30. Th. 2.30. "Good Soldier Schweik".

ARTS. TEM.3334. Last 2 days 5 & 8.15. "Waltz of the Toreadors". Mems. 10s. half-yrly.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov". Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.15. Members only. EUSton 5391.

EVERYMAN. HAM.1525. Japanese Film Season. Until Mar. 25: "The Gate of Hell" (A). From Mar. 26: "Rashomon" (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT.3232. Sat. March 24, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, in "Gold Diggers of 1933"(A). Dir. Mervyn Leroy. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY.2345. March 25 "The Bandit" (A). Brazilian. English sub-titles.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Sunday afternoon, programmes of Art & documentary films. At 2.30 and 4 p.m. on March 25, 1956. Printed details sent on application to the Curator.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat. March 24, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Mems. 3s. & their guests 5s. Sun. March 25, 7-10 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Mems. 3s. & their guests 5s. Membership invited.

THE A.B.C. (Aid Blind Children) Committee informal Dance at 6 Queen Square, Holborn, W.C.1. Spot prizes. 7.30. 5s. 6d. before 8. 6s. 6d. after. Saturday, March 24.

NEW Hall and new Band. Make sure you don't miss the monthly Dance of the Central London Fabian Society at 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1., Sat. March 24, 8-11.30 p.m. Adm. 3s. 6d. Underground Holborn. Everybody welcome.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. holds Dances every Saturday and Sunday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For parties., write Secretary or please call at the Club.

CONCERTS

RENAISSANCE Singers Director Michael Howard, Music for Holy Week at Southwark Cathedral. Sat. March 24 at 3 p.m. Tallis, Lamentationes Ieremiae Prophetae, Palestrina Motets and Stabat Mater Dolorosa. Adm. 3s. Mems. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Jacob Bornfriend & Bernard Dunstan.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St., W.1. Paintings by Roger Montane. Until March 29. 10-12.30.

I.C.A., 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Willi Baumeister Memorial Exhibition. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

GALLERY One. 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. Paintings by Henry Miller (author of "Tropic of Cancer"). Daily 11-6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Admission free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. "The Seasons", C.A.S. Exhibition at the Tate Gallery, Mar. 1 until April 15.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. First London Exhibition, Michel Ciry - Paintings and drawings.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Fred J. Kormis. Paintings by Harold Wood.

HAMMERSMITH Art Gallery, 9a Kilmarsh Road, (off Glenthorne & Iffley Road) Abstract & Representational Paintings by Mary Brooks. March 24 to April 7. 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Josef Herman, Paintings and Drawings, 1940-56. Daily 11-6; Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

MEDITERRANEAN Harbour by George Muris. Picture framing. Open all day Sat. Hogarth Gallery, 16a, Hogarth Pl., S.W.5. FRE.3328.

FOLIO Society, 70 Brook Street, W.1. Prints and Drawings by Frank Martin. Monday to Friday, 11-6.30. Until April 6.

EXHIBITIONS - continued

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Maud Sumner, Mar.6-29, 10-6 pm

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Enamels and Paintings by Stefan Knapp. Until April 21.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Australian Artists Association Exhibition. Until April 2. (Closed Good Friday). Admiss. free. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, March 25, 6.30 Music and Readings. 7 p.m. G.R. Dalvi: "The Problem of Leadership in India".

PUSHKIN Club, 24, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. PARk 7379. Fri. March 24, 8 p.m. Rev. V. Rodzianko, "Russian Elders (Startzi)" Club closed Good Friday.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Mon. March 26, 8 p.m. Jazz: Lecture-Recital: personal choice by Nicholas Moore, Bruce Turner on "Is Jazz Negro Music?". Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d. Wed. March 28, 8.15. Discussion on The New Brutalism. Speakers: Toni del Renzio, Ronald Jenkins, John Summerson, D.F. Tomlin. Chair: Ove Arup. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Thurs. March 29, 8.15. 6th in series of lectures on Aspects of Communications entitled "Communication Problems in Industry" by M.W. Ivens. Mems. 1s. 6d., guest 3s. M'ship. inv.

AFRICAN Forum: Film show on Africa. Talk by Dr. Adler: Prospects for African Freedom. Egyptian Institute, 4, Chesterfield Gardens, Mayfair, Sat. March 24, 7 p.m. Admission 3s.

FATHER Huddleston speaks at a Public Meeting - a Statement on South Africa, & questions. Monday, April 23, Central Hall, Westminster. 7.30. Buffet available. Tickets now: 2s. 6d. res., 1s. unres. from Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct., E.C.4. (CIT 6869) or from the Africa Bureau, 30 Old Queen Street, S.W.1.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Mar. 30, 8.30, Miss Sudiati, "Kartini's influence on Women's Movement in Indonesia." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. off Leinster Terr.

SLAVES are still captured, bought and sold, today. Anti-Slavery Society's new evidence. Kent Room, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 7 p.m., Tuesday, March 27. Entrance free.

LECTURE COURSES & SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Certificate in Psychiatric Social Work. The University offers a one year course leading to a Certificate in Psychiatric Social Work. Applicants should preferably be between 24 and 40 years of age and must hold a Certificate or Diploma in Social Studies or a University Degree in Sociology. Previous experience in other fields of social work is desirable. A few maintenance grants have been made available for students willing to undertake Psychiatric Social Work in Scotland for a period after training. Applications for admission next session (October 2, 1956) may be made now, and in any case not later than March 31, to the Lecturer in Psychiatric Social Work, Department of Social Study, from whom full particulars may be obtained. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

ARCHAEOLOGY: week-end introductory course (with field excursion). Apr. 6 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

BIG wood landscape painting course under the personal supervision of John Nash R.A. and Carel Weight A.R.A. June 2 - 16. Limited numbers. £8. 8s. per week inclusive. Applications to W. Docker-Drysdale, Park End, Radley Abingdon, Berks.

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LECTURE COURSES ETC. - continued

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